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VOLUME {LI. OLD SERIES. XXVII. NEW SERIES.} BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1872. ESTABLISHED, 1822. RE-ISSUED 1849. {NUMBER 31.

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RUSSELL P. EATON, . . . GENERAL EDITOR.

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Our subscribers will please note particularly the date opposite their names, on the paper. It signifies *the time to which they have paid*. By our terms, money paid after three months from such date must be at the rate of $3 a year. It is hardly necessary to add that $1.25 at the end of six months *pays for only five months' paper*. Money sent by mail, when properly sealed and directed, is at our risk. Money orders, or drafts for large amounts, payable to our order, are preferred.

Special Notice.

In reply to inquiries, we would say that the FARMER will be sent to all subscribers until a discontinuance is ordered. The date to which payment is made is given on each paper, so that every subscriber can ascertain for himself the time when his subscription ends. All money sent us within three months of the commencement of the subscription will be regarded as in advance. We would also state that our *lowest and only terms* are given on our third page. We have no Club Terms. We have fixed our rates as low as the times will allow, and we give our readers their full money's worth.

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Editorial.

AUGUST.—CHANGES IN NATURE.

"Hope ever, and trust! Thy thoughts, not like ours;
Thou sendest the drought, then bringest the flowers;
Withholdest the grain; then, with magical showers,
A glorious harvest we see."—GEORGIA COURIER.

WHILE the human mind is unceasing in its efforts to find something new, it is singular that so few persons, comparatively, take notice of the changes of the seasons,—the differences which occur in all the outward aspects of Nature. These are seen not only in the vegetable kingdom, where each month presents a new world of life and beauty, but in the aspects of the heavens, and in the new and ever-varying forms of animal life about us.

The hay-harvest is now nearly over. The luxuriant grasses, which so lately clothed the fields, are now stored away, and will become the chief article of subsistence for our domestic animals when the pastures fail, and they are impelled to seek the protection of man. The corn plants, the cereal grains, the barley, rye, oats and wheat have assumed new forms; some having matured are bending with the weight of an abundant harvest, and others, still green and vigorous, are daily lifting their heads higher and higher into the air, there to be perfected in the friendly light and heat.

So, too, has the foliage of the trees considerably changed. They have already lost something of their perfect form and freshness. Flowers have bloomed and shed their fragrance upon the air we breathe. Persistent weeds, too, have come to maturity, lived their short life and cast millions of seeds to perpetuate their kind.

There are new voices among the birds; their numbers have increased, and they linger around the habitations of men yet a little longer, while their food is still plentiful. Now that they have lived by us in harmony for some months, and their young are on the wing with them about our dwellings, they are more social, and confident, than they were when we were not so well acquainted with each other. They open the morning to us in hymns of praise, and sing out the waning evening light in songs which seem even more sweet and tender than those of the morning.

And the *insect* world, too! What among them all is there left now, having the same form which it had a few weeks ago! The common house fly? Yes; and the spider, perhaps. But of the legions which cut down the corn, bore the vines of the squash, eat the leaves of the currant, rose and gooseberry bushes; that lay their eggs in the young apple blossoms and in the apples themselves; that make sieves of the strawberry leaves or eat through their roots; the huge green worms that infest the leaves of grape-vines, and parsnips and carrots; the borer, the canker worm, the bark louse, and the host that torment cattle and sheep, horses, swine, and half-clad children,—all playing hide-and-seek in some other form, ready to launch out again and go on conquering and to conquer, and despoil this fair world of *ours!*

Yes, we call it *our* world, and attempt to push aside, or demolish, whatever interferes with our plans. But these lower orders of creation were formed by the same Wisdom which fashioned us and the world wide enough for all. A more careful observation of them may convince us that our own existence could not be preserved without their presence!

It is not alone in the organized beings about us that changes are taking place. The sun itself assumes new positions; the days lengthen or decrease; the skies above our heads, as well as the earth beneath our feet, present new appearances, and afford those changes which our unstable natures seem to require.

It should be a part of the great lesson of life, to learn more and more of the wonderful construction and operation of the works of the Creator, which are everywhere above, below, and around us. No man has a better opportunity to learn this lesson than the farmer. His acquirements may be slow; they undoubtedly will be; but they may be constantly progressive, and thus will not fail to give more power over the elements with which he deals, and thus make his labor more *profitable* as well as more pleasant.

If we desire to make life long and cheerful, we must habitually observe the inexpressibly beautiful things, infinite in variety and ever changing in form, which have been created by an omnipotent Power to supply our wants, both of body and mind.

Such a habit will make life seem long. It will fill the mind with pleasant associations; with frequent and earnest thanksgivings; with large sympathy for all its kind. It will soften care, sweeten toil, shut out every disposition to a gloomy state, and lead to a higher appreciation of the value of life and duty in it.

Its lessons may tend more directly to stimulate efforts for the cultivation of the *mind* than for the cultivation of the *soil*; yet if its suggestions are received and followed out to their natural results, not only a more intelligent but a more cheerful cultivation of both will be secured.

SOME FARM WORK IN AUGUST.

No month brings entire relaxation from labor to the farmer. It is well that it is so. The duties of some months are more pressing than those of others. Planting cannot be delayed beyond a certain time without almost certain loss. Crops which are ready for harvesting, depreciate rapidly in value, if neglected. When the pressure of the hay harvest is over, there are a few weeks which may be devoted to a variety of labors, such as

Seeding Land to Grass.

If the season is a moist one, or if the land is naturally moist, perhaps there is no better way in which to do this work than to plough, finely pulverize, and sow with grass seed, any time during the month of August. The seed should be liberal, especially if the land has been infested with weeds. Another want is

A Larger Supply of Manure.

August is a good time to do several things to meet this want. On most farms muck may be found. This month, being usually dry, the streams low, and the surface of meadows sufficiently hard to bear up the team, offers a favorable time to throw out and haul off muck.

The question may arise whether muck is worth accumulating? If so far away, or so difficult of getting it out as to make the cost of transportation, or excavation, equal to $4 or $5 a cord, then some other mode of accumulation may be more economical. But wherever it can be easily obtained, it is the most certain and permanent means of enriching the farm. Good muck *is* manure. It is not clay, or sand, or stones. It is decomposed vegetable matter, enriched by mineral substances which have been washed into and mingled with it. The droppings of our stock, are also decomposed vegetable matter. From theory, and from large experience in the use of muck, we are thoroughly convinced that its value is not properly appreciated. Perhaps the largest benefits derived from it are on sandy soils, but we have used it for more than twenty years on heavy loams. Let those who disparage it, tell us what it is if it is *not* manure. There is great difference in its qualities, and this must be observed by those who use it.

Another source of manure may be found on most farms in neglected head-lands, under the stone walls and fences. Some of these have been accumulating for fifty years, and are composed of the vegetables which have grown and decayed there, and of the richest portions of the soil which have been turned by the plough, or blown there by the winds. Cart these away and cover the cow yard with them, and deposit a heap near the hog-stye to be scattered two or three times each week over the accumulations there. If in a fine condition, it may be used as a litter for the stock. Other advantages will arise from this course. The borders of the fields will produce less weeds and bushes, and the operations of cultivation can be more conveniently done.

The Strawberry Patch

will need attention. If weeds are allowed to grow it will be found difficult to get them out next spring, when the new runners have covered the ground. Keep the plants clean, so that they shall have a better chance than the weeds.

Draining.

Do something at this where it is needed, even if the beginning be a small one. If it is well done, the operation will certainly give encouragement to do more.

Importance of a Cistern.

The two year's drought which we have just passed through, suggests the importance of having a good cistern, both for the house and the stock at the barn. The roofs on the farm would be generally enough to convey a sufficient quantity of water from them into a cistern, from which, by economical use, nearly all the water wanted could be obtained. Even during the long drought which has prevailed, we had several quite heavy rains.

The cost of a cistern would probably be much less than is usually supposed. Thousands of them are constructed in the Southern States, and many in the northern, without any brick work about them. The earth is excavated, and the sides and bottom cemented. Timbers are laid across the top and covered with boards. A more thorough one would be the cheapest in the end in New England.

Culture of Turnips.

The old adage holds good, we suppose,

"On the 25th of July
Sow turnips, wet or dry."

But a fine crop may be secured by sowing the seed of the flat purple-top turnip on land-laid to grass in August, or on land broken purposely for them, or among the corn or potatoes. They are valuable for winter stock, are cheaply raised, and therefore, are economical.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SCHOOL OF CHEMICAL MANURES; Or Elementary Principles in the use of Fertilizing Agents. From the French of M. George Ville, by A. A. Fesquet, Chemist and Engineer. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird, Industrial Publisher, 406 Walnut Street. 1872. Sent free for $1 25.

Some years since six lectures by Mons. George Ville were introduced to the English reader by a bombastic translator, and we are glad to receive a more modest account of the results of Prof. Ville's experiments.

Prof. Ville is a scientific man, a teacher of vegetable physiology at the Museum of Natural History, in Paris. But being dissatisfied with the results of the ordinary scientific methods of analyzing soils, he instituted experiments for ascertaining the substances required to make soils productive, by the growth of plants, on different plots of grounds to which different chemical fertilizers were severally applied. These experiments have been continued by Prof. Ville for about thirty years; and his published statements have induced land owners in various parts of the world to institute similar experiments.

The object of this little volume is to explain these experiments and to show what they teach.

We think the American editor has made a great mistake in not translating the terms used to express quantities and values, especially as these are so important to an understanding of the treatise. The text might about as well have been in French as the tables! The agricultural community is not hungry enough for "book farming" to digest a large amount of centimes, hectares, kilogrammes, &c. Still, as our government has legalized the use of the "Metric System," it may be well for us to accustom our eyes and ears to these words, and to fix their meaning in our memory.

We copy in another column an extract from this book on Chemical Manures.

THE FALL OF RAIN.

In some parts of Massachusetts crops have this season suffered from the effects of drought, while in most parts of the State the fall of rain has been abundant. About the middle of July we conversed one day with two men, living perhaps fifty miles apart. One said it had rained more or less nearly every day since the month came in; the other said that vegetation was suffering from want of moisture in the soil.

This subject is alluded to in the Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture for June, and the facts stated will be interesting to all who observe or talk about the weather.

The meteorological peculiarities of the season have received much comment in the returns. The rain-fall is sometimes ten-fold greater at one station in a State, during a given month, than at another in the same State. A medium amount of rain, falling moderately in small quantities, at frequent intervals, has a more favorable effect upon the growing crops than a much larger quantity at long and irregular seasons in violent storms. In the Ohio Valley, as in Ohio and Indiana, complaint of long and almost unbroken droughts are received from many counties in different parts of those States, affecting wells and streams, and greatly retarding vegetable growth; while in many other counties seasonable and frequent rains are reported, and in some cases abundant supplies of moisture. In some cases wet districts are in close proximity to dry areas; and both wet and dry localities are sometimes found in the same county.

In different sections of the country, in which seasons of drought have occurred, sudden and violent storms have deluged low-drying lands, carried away bridges, and damaged crops. These peculiarities are noticeable during each recurring summer, but the variations in amount of rain fall, and in the frequency and force of storms, seem greater than usual the present summer.

These facts of meteorology, little understood by the wisest, demanding investigation and patient study, have a bearing upon vegetable growth which will some day become obvious, to the increase of farm production and the profit of the farmer.

The minimum and maximum rain-fall of the great corn-growing States, for the month of June, so far as reported by the meteorological observers of the Smithsonian Institution, are as follows:

	Minimum. *Inches.*	Minimum. *Inches.*
Kentucky	3.38	4.82
Ohio	1.96	7.25
Michigan	2.42	4.35
Indiana	1.49	6.67
Illinois	3.10	9.95
Iowa	1.53	7.90
Missouri	1.45	3.35
Kansas	1.75	4.00

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

—Half a million dollars were won and lost on the race at Long Branch the other day between Harry Bassett and Longfellow.

—The increased price of the great agricultural staples does not keep pace with the increased cost of production.

—The Iowa Legislature has passed a bill declaring that a bushel of undried apples, pears, peaches or prunes shall weigh forty-eight pounds.

—There are 1,250,000 sheep in Iowa. The wool clip amounted to 3,074,674 pounds; sheep exported, 58,055; imported, 3423; decrease in sheep in two years, 1,414,613.

—Success in the cultivation of any crop, like the practice of any trade, requires a minute knowledge of all the details, which can only be gained by experience.

—H. R. Beardsley, of Pontiac, Mich., picked off from a field of potatoes, the area of a half acre, fourteen and one-half quarts of potato bugs in one day.

—The Cedar Falls, Iowa, *Gazette* reports that out of $11,000 worth of fruit trees purchased by farmers in the northeast part of that county, about eighteen months since, less than $1000 worth are now living.

—A white, reddish-headed grub is destroying peach trees at Lawton, Mich., and vicinity, boring the trees just below the surface of the ground. Hardly a tree in an orchard, tilled or untilled, escapes them.

—The *American Rural Home*, Rochester, New York—one of the neatest and most carefully conducted agricultural papers in this country—has recently added to its editorial staff, Mr. P. C. Reynolds, of Rochester, who also becomes part owner.

—The longest unbroken railway line in the world is now completed by the finishing of the great bridge over the Missouri river at Omaha. The distance from Boston to the west end of the continuous line in California is 3239 miles, and is throughout the entire distance a first-class line.

—Eli Stinson, President of the Wool Growers' Association, has proved to a demonstration that his flock of 1500 sheep has enabled him to produce eight or ten more bushels of wheat to the acre than is grown on the average lands of Wisconsin, where sheep husbandry is not auxiliary to wheat farming.

—The attempt of California to acclimatize the Cashmere goat promises success, the animal attaining a larger size and yielding a finer fleece than in its native India. There are estimated to be 40,000 Cashmeres in the State, and the fleece, according to grade, is worth from 25 cents up to $1.25 per pound.

—From reliable data it is calculated the product of pine lumber sawed in Michigan during the summer of 1872, will amount to fifteen hundred million feet. Assuming that the land from which this timber is cut furnished 10,000 feet to the acre, the area that has been denuded for this year's cutting amounts to 150,000 acres.

—Canadian papers say the emigration of French Canadians to the United States from the townships is assuming larger proportions than ever. Since January, 1871, no less than 125 families have left the parish of Somerset alone, which is said to be a rich parish, and the emigration is largely composed of well-to-do farmers.

—Jonathan Saddler, of Allegan Co., Mich., died recently from the effects of poison. He had been engaged in killing potato bugs on his vines, and crushing one of them, the juice struck a scratch on the finger, which immediately commenced swelling, and communicated to his arm and thence to his body, causing death in a few hours.

—A correspondent of the Atchison, Kan., *Champion* says that of the drive of Texas cattle, this year, fully sixty per cent., or about 120,000 head, are stock, short-horned, square built, and well graded into the Durham. He thinks that no better foundation for a stock of cattle for a farm or ranche can be had than Texans crossed with a full blood Durham.

—Eastern farmers, says the *Germantown Telegraph*, little appreciate the attractions of cultivating the soil in the West. In Iowa, for instance, the sons of toil are fighting the potato-bug, chinch-bug, cut-worm, wire-worm, grub-worm, army-worm, gopher, ground-squirrel, mice, rats, meadow-mole, caterpillar, curculio, blackbird, mischievous neighbors and rambling stock.

—The horse which Gen. D. C. Buell rode during his military service in the late war, died a few weeks since, at Paradise, on Green River, Ky. The General was greatly grieved over the loss of the animal, and had him buried with honors. This horse fearlessly carried Gen. Buell through the awful storm of shot and shell at Shiloh, and it would be strange if the man, in after years, could forget the courage displayed by the animal he bestrode on that memorable day.

—A miniature Dead sea has been discovered in Nevada. It lies in an oval basin, 150 feet below the surface of the plain; the banks shelving down with as much symmetry as if fashioned by art. The water of this lake is impregnated with soluble substances, mostly borax, soda and salt, to a degree that renders it almost ropy with slime, and so dense that a person can float on it without effort. This lake has no visible outlet or inlet, but being of great depth is probably fed by springs far down in the earth.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

ANIMAL MANURE AND SAND.

Will you be so kind as to inform me through the "FARMER," of the effect of animal excrements on sand? Does the ammonia of the manure act on the sand so as to render it soluble? We are told that silex contains a considerable quantity of potash, and if it is made soluble by mixing with animal excrement, why could not farmers use it profitably as an absorbent? G. N. G.

Webster, N. H., July 16, 1872.

REMARKS.—They can, and do use it extensively. The ammonia of the manure undoubtedly acts upon the sand, and sets its properties free.

In a time of drought, it is not only a lack of *moisture* that causes plants to languish, but also a lack of ammonia to make the plant food in the soil soluble, and in a condition to be used by the plants. The action of ammonia in the manure has a similar effect, we suppose. For heavy loams, therefore, sand may be more profitably used as a litter for stock than vegetable matter, such as muck; while on sandy soils, the muck or straw might be best.

CUTTING AND CURING HAY.

Cut just before bloom, or while in it, but never after bloom if possible. If cut before blossoming, and put in the same day, all dust in the hay is avoided, as all can testify who examined my mow last winter.

The greenest and brightest hay is obtained by this method. The stoutest grass may be cut in a clear, bright and sunny day, well shook up, if cut by hand, and carefully turned anywhere from 11 to 2 o'clock, and then put into the barn the same day with no fear of injury.

Light grass may be cut on any day in which there is more or less of sun and clouds, and if it is well wilted, with no dew, nor rain,—no moisture about it except its own juices, cart it the same day, and it will come out next winter green, sweet and bright. This method, if followed, would save New England an immense amount of time in cocking, opening and turning, besides making far superior hay.

Ye farmers of New England, lay this up for another year and try it. TIMOTHY WHEELER.

Waterbury Centre, Vt., July 22, 1872.

HEALTH OF HOGS AND OF MEN.

MR. EDITOR:—Your leader in the FARMER of July 20th, entitled, "Quality of Pork influenced by food," gave me much pleasure; and in behalf of the thousands who read your valuable paper, I thank you for that article. I hope it will be copied, not only by the agricultural press generally, but by the various local or county papers throughout the land.

Is it wonderful that *trichiniasis, scrofula, gangrene*, and various other forms of malignant diseases are so common, while people persist in eating the flesh of diseased animals? Everybody knows, or should know, that no man can long remain in good health when surrounded by filth, deprived of pure air, and compelled to eat food in a state of putrefaction; and yet, most persons seem to suppose that a hog may be subjected to all these, and yet escape injury. The truth is, there are certain laws concerning health, which reign supreme among human kind; and the same laws are operative among the brutes. One person may resist bad influences longer than others, and a beast may resist longer than a man; but sooner or later the penalty will be inflicted—the result will be reached.

Health in a man, can be secured and preserved only by the use of good food, pure air, and cleanly apartments; and with certain allowances, the same remark holds true in the case of a hog. Of all the disgusting, sickening sights to be seen in our land, one of the most disgusting and sickening is a *hog-pen* as commonly found among country farmers, and especially as found in connection with breweries, distilleries, and slaughter houses. Yet, people buy and eat pork thus fattened, and run the risk. If they escape perceptible injury at the present time, "all is right," they think, not regarding the future; and if they are made sick, why, they send for the doctor; and is it not his business to make them well? What else are doctors good for?

One thought more, in brief. Very fat animals, like very fat men, are diseased. Obesity, or excessive fatness, is not desirable in a man, an ox, or a hog, and should not be aimed at as a result worth striving for. A development of muscle, and not of fat, should be the object sought.

J. H. STEDMAN, M. D.

West Brattleboro, Vt., July, 1872.

PICKLING CUCUMBERS.

Seeing an inquiry about pickling cucumbers, I would state for the benefit of others, my practice. Pick cucumbers of any desirable size, rinse carefully in water, drain till dry, place in well clean-ed butter firkins; put a quarter of a pound of whole allspice in a bag in the centre of the fruit; fill up with pure cider vinegar put in cold without scalding; cover with a board and stone to keep the fruit covered with vinegar; set the whole in your cellar, and the fruit will keep twelve months. It is well to stir the vinegar occasionally if any scum arises upon the top. This is my method, and after fifty years' experience, I can recommend it to all who desire good pickles. Salt is not a good substance to preserve pickles, judging by my own taste, and that of others who eat at my table.

Without spice the pickles will become soft and worthless. Follow carefully the above method, and you may have pickles the whole year round at a small expense. Pickles thus prepared, supply the best and most healthy acid for all times. With a firkin at twenty-five cents, a bushel of cucumbers at one dollar, vinegar two dollars, you have for three and a quarter dollars what would cost at retail eight or ten dollars. At this time of the year take small cucumbers, and in forty-eight hours you may have the best of pickles. For immediate use, dispense with the spice. Nothing but pure cider vinegar will preserve cucumbers, with any degree of certainty. For the space of forty years, I have not been out of pickles but a few months. The first pickings from your vines are the best. Cucumbers of three and four inches in length are the best. Continued use of pickled cucumbers in moderate quantities are beneficial to most persons. Use more acid and less sweet, and your health will be improved.

ROBERT MANSFIELD.

Wellesley, Mass., July 22, 1872.

THE DAIRY OF ONE COW.

In village and town there are many persons who keep one cow, and take pride in so near an approach to the rank of a producer. Even if the pasture is hired, and the hay and grain bought for winter feeding, yet there is a feeling of independence, and a consciousness that the milk, cream, and butter are unadulterated and excellent.

Sometimes men of wealth will take pride in the products of their one cow,—in the pounds of butter made and quarts of milk sold; but the attention given to this product may be out of proportion to the profit of production.

DISAPPOINTMENTS IN MAKING BUTTER.

In some cases of this kind where ladies entirely unacquainted with farm life have taken charge of the milk with the intention of making butter, the result has been very unsatisfactory. The milk is set under unfavorable circumstances, in a warm room used for other purposes, or in close cupboards, or in a cellar or refrigerator. The cream rises and is gathered in small quantities. Often the milk stands too long before skimming, and the cream too long before churning. Then after it is churned, salted, and worked according to their best judgment, the butter comes to the table variegated in color, unpalatable in flavor, and cheesy in odor. In the end, butter must be purchased for the table, and an uncomfortable feeling prevails on the part of both master and mistress of the cow in regard to their ill success. Perhaps the blame is charged to those who fed the cow; perhaps to those who took care of the milk; or perhaps the cow is blamed, and may be changed for another to see if the fault is in the animal, or it is sold entirely and the reliance is upon the productions of others.

BETTER USE THE MILK AND CREAM.

It seems to me an error for the family of a weanny man to make any reliance on the production of butter from one cow. Milk is a nutritious food, so easily assimilated that it rarely disagrees with the weakest child, or the dyspeptic. It aids in the combinations of the kitchen—in pies, cakes, pastry, toasts, puddings, &c. It is a pleasant drink alone, or in combination with tea and coffee.

Now if any ambition is felt to produce butter, nearly all these more important uses of milk must be abandoned and the pans remain undisturbed, lest the cream be injured, while at the same time the strength-giving, flesh-making caseine, or curd, in the milk is changing from a useful to a useless state; and to save a dime in cream, a dollar is lost in milk. Would it not be much better to use the milk freely, and make an effort to *use it all* in its sweet, nutritious state, and buy a good quality of butter for the table?

Then the keeping of a cow would contribute to the living of the family, and be a constant source of pleasure and profit. For a lunch, take a glass of milk. Let it be on the table every day, at every meal, and for every person, and the result would be a very considerable diminution of the amount of other food eaten, and of the grocer's, and possibly, of the doctor's bill. It is a weak vanity that takes pride in the amount of butter made, when to make it there is a constant loss of nourishment in the milk thrown away, and great extra care upon the mistress of the house. I know of cases of this kind. Z. E. JAMESON.

Irasburg, Vt., July, 1872.

MILLET.

I wish to inquire if millet would not make good fodder for cows to give milk, and if so, where can the seed be procured? E. A. M.

Weston, Vt., July, 1872.

REMARKS.—Millet is strongly recommended by some. Seed may be had at the seed stores in Boston.

Correspondence.

For the New England Farmer.

NORTHEASTERN MIDDLESEX CROPS.

An accurate knowledge of the condition of the crops, whether in particular locations or the whole country, is of vast importance to farmers. It enables them to sell or hold on for the best results. But speculators, by their concentrated power with the aid of the venal press, have manipulated the market, and where the crop prospects were very meagre, have produced a sort of public opinion that the crops are to be very large, and thus induced farmers to sell early and at half price. This evil, however, has found a partial check in the monthly reports of the Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington of the condition of the crops of the whole country. When this system of reports shall be more perfected, speculators will no longer prey upon the credulity of the people, or a venal press defraud the farmer.

The crops in this county promise a full average, except hay, which will be about two-thirds of an average crop. Hundreds of acres of grass were winter-killed, and farmers have been obliged to re-stock the land, but on account of the excessive high price of labor, making it impossible to cultivate common staple crops, except at a loss, they have resorted to forage crops, particularly millet and Hungarian grass. An acre of millet, well cultivated and harvested, will be as valuable as two tons of herdsgrass, and the expense of labor, &c., need not exceed five dollars This leaves the farmer some profit for the sweat of his face; while potatoes, corn, &c., would run him in debt, at $30 per month for labor and $16 for board.

Farming has entirely changed its character in this county, in adapting itself to the wants of a vastly increased population and numerous manufacturing cities and villages; but the farmer has lost in the means of social progress. He is a slave to the market daily, from early morn till night, where he works with his own hands, while the farmer in Vermont, who produces the general staple crops, has ample leisure to read and improve himself, and his winters are but one round of social and intellectual delight.

One feature in the intellectual condition of Middlesex, which is a mark of decided progress and sound common sense, is they all say we want more practical men to legislate for us. Lawyers have already legislated agriculture into degradation. We want sound practical men to legislate us to that position which God and human necessities assign and demand for us.

This reminds us of what we heard one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States say to a friend while gazing at the portrait of Gen. Varnum, suspended in the rotunda of the capital of Washington; says he, "that is the portrait of Gen. Varnum of Massachusetts, who received nothing but a common school education, but who, by the glorious influence of republican institutions, was Speaker of the House many years, and from broad common sense and natural views of affairs, had more influence than any fifty lawyers in the house."

We want less *professional* men in Congress, whose minds, cramped and bigoted by professional reading, seldom attain broad, comprehensiveness or common sense.

When the graduating class of our Agricultural College shall come into practical life, agriculture will pour able representatives into our halls of legislation, and more than one law in a thousand will relate to agriculture.

The cabbage crop is one of great value in northern Middlesex. The farmers cultivate it by the acre, while the refuse makes the milk and feed for cattle and hogs, and the product of sales lines the pocket well. For winter's and spring's use, the cabbages are pulled early in the morning and placed head downwards, that the water may run off, and then immediately carted to some protected place near the barn, a deep *furrow* ploughed and the cabbages are transplanted into the furrow as close together as they will stand upright, and then another furrow is turned on to the roots and stalks, till thousands are transplanted. When the weather becomes cold, they are covered with leaves, coarse hay or straw,—care being taken that they do not heat from excessive covering.

In this county great attention is paid to the improvement of stock. In the vicinity of large cities and villages, the Alderneys or Jerseys are very numerous, but milkmen and farmers don't like them. No breed, however, is better for a private gentleman, with a single cow. One of the very best animals ever introduced into Massachusetts is the property of E. M. Reed of Tewksbury. Her yield of milk is from 16 to 20 quarts per day, in full flow, and the milk is equal to the best.

July 13, 1872. MIDDLESEX.

REMARKS.—Gen. James M. Varnum, the individual who is probably alluded to by our correspondent, was educated at the Rhode Island College, now Brown University. In accordance with the principles on which the NEW ENGLAND FARMER is conducted, we are under the necessity of omitting a portion of the manuscript of the above communication.

For the New England Farmer.

THE GARDEN IN AUGUST.

My dear farmer friend, if you have attempted to follow our advice in devoting a suitable space to the purposes of a garden, and have tried to make the most of it by improving on former culture, go with us into that garden and take a few observations and reflections. What have you and yours already, this season, received therefrom? What are you daily receiving therefrom, and what will you yet receive during the few coming weeks before fall frosts cut short vegetation, from present appearances? Did you think, as you came to your meals, in the heat of the day, sweating from the field, as you partook of your daily food, what proportion of the same you was indebted to your garden therefor, and did you ever stop to think with how much less relish the same meals would have been partaken of had not your good woman an accessible garden to draw from, thus adding variety to the daily fare? And have you never thought that your own and family's health have been all the better for having this variety through all the heat of these long summer days, and that you have probably saved much in doctor's bills? Just go over the list and see what varieties you have drawn from this small area devoted to the family garden. Here is the asparagus, spinach, lettuce, radishes, beets, string beans, early cabbage, peas, potatoes, cress, onions, cucumbers, rhubarb, tomatoes, corn, &c., among vegetables. Now for the fruits. First you had strawberries, and how you did enjoy and praise them as you came tired and hungry at night and had a dish of delicious strawberries and rich cream from the dairy,—did anything ever taste better, more refreshing, or give you better satisfaction in eating? What amount of money would tempt you to give up the strawberry bed and go without any strawberries and cream in the future? Then there are the raspberries, currants, gooseberries, &c. Now just honestly acknowledge that you are happily dissappointed in receiving so much for so little labor, trouble and expense for land, manure, &c. Have you not already been more than repaid for all the expense and trouble, and still there is as much more to come in the late and successive crops. You have not only conferred a great favor on yourself and family, but you have also a greater on the community in which you live, by thus making and caring for a good garden; for by your example many others are induced to imitate or excel you, and this emulation stimulates to extend the rivalry to the whole productions of the farm and community,—thus not only improving the culture of good gardens, but to more thorough culture of the whole farms of the community, and the end is not here,—the whole inhabitants are proportionally improved, intellectually, morally, and in all other respects; so that it may be well remarked: "Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth."

Our judicious labors in the garden are not only being now well rewarded, but, by a continuance, may be continously rewarded till "Jack Frost" locks up the teeming earth for a season of repose; and then we draw on any surplus stock that may have been stored from the season of plenty. By improved processes most varieties of products, soon perishable by nature, may be preserved in nearly their pristine goodness, so that we may draw therefrom at unseasonable times, thereby giving to green summer products during the cold and icy winter.

ASPARAGUS.—Keep the bed clear of weeds to encourage the growth of stalk and perfection of seed. Some, reasoning from theory and analogy, may think it hurtful or drawing on the roots to allow seed to be perfected, but experience teaches a different lesson,—the plant seems rather benefited by being allowed to seed.

BEANS.—Gather for table use as they come in condition. Save a suitable portion of the earliest and best to ripen for seed,—do not be satisfied with culls for seed.

BEETS.—Draw from the thickest to allow the others a chance to grow. Keep the soil clean of weeds, well stirred, and give occasional doses of liquid manure.

CABBAGE AND ITS RELATIVES.—Keep the ground well and frequently cultivated. All the cabbage tribe delight in a rather moist soil,—so give them liquid fertilizers and good fresh soil, by often hoeing. Seed may be sown last of month for wintering.

CELERY.—Encourage to growth by liquid applications and hoeing; do not be in a hurry to earth up; but if a good growth is made, gather the leaves together and fasten with bass matting or other tie; let the leaves be rather loosely drawn together, to be further closed previous to earthing up.

CORN.—Mark a few of the earliest, most promising ears to ripen for seed. Keep the succession crop thriving, by good culture. Gather as it comes in condition. Look out for the corn-worm, which eats from the silk downwards to the kernel.

CUCUMBERS.—Observe the rule here of saving the earliest and best for growing seed. Gather from day to day, for pickles, as they come to suitable size. A little pains taken in saving the vines, as the pickles are gathered, will preserve them in longer bearing condition; cut the pickles with a sharp knife and from one-fourth to one-half an inch of stem on each; pack down in salt.

EGG PLANTS.—Encourage growth by good culture, liquid manure, and by placing under them a new or white painted board so as to reflect the heat of the sun on the fruit.

GRAPES.—Zealously guard against insect enemies and mildew; hand-pick the one and apply sulphur for the other. Gather the early ones as they ripen.

HOE.—One of the most important crops (?) of the garden, at all seasons, and especially during a dry one, to keep the soil moist and the plants growing.

HERBS.—Complete the gathering and drying during the blossoming season.

MELONS.—Small specimens, unlikely to ripen, if removed, will improve the quality and size, and hasten the ripening of those which remain.

ONIONS.—Gather for use as soon as they ripen; but where to be long kept, it is better to let them cure in the sun for some days, before storing. Sow seeds for pips, to be left in the ground during the winter for early spring use.

PEAS.—Clear the ground of vines, &c

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER ---- AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER. ---- SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872.

New England Farmer.

BOSTON:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Our foreign advices are interesting, and of some importance. It is reported that dispatches from Dr. Livingstone have been received in London, and Stanley was expected to reach London on Monday. The annual banquet to Her Majesty's Ministry passed off successfully on the 24th. Miss Nillson, the celebrated opera singer, was married on the 27th. In France, there have been more executions of Communist prisoners. The coalminers and others on a strike are creating disturbances in various parts of France. The military has been called upon to suppress their riotous demonstrations. The energetic efforts making by the French government to repress the disturbances seem to be generally successful. Numbers of the rioters have been arrested, and strong military cordons drawn around the disaffected districts. The only son of the Duke d'Aumale is dead. The Assembly has passed the entire tariff bill. The resumption of diplomatic relations with Mexico is contemplated since the death of Juarez. A rumor is published in Paris to the effect that General Sickles has withdrawn his resignation as minister to Spain, the differences between him and Senor Sagasta having been settled, and that the Spanish cabinet has set about carrying into effect its long-promised measures in favor of the colored race in Cuba. Castello's band of Carlists has been totally defeated by the Spanish government troops. Don Carlos is at Lausanne, Switzerland. Little is known as to the actual doings of the Geneva Board. Our readers will make due allowance on all reports from that quarter. Among the latest reports is one that England is industriously rebutting our cases against her at Geneva. Out of four brought with regard to the negligence of the British Admiralty in allowing privateers to go to sea during our war, three have been repudiated by England, and in the fourth she contends that the Admiralty acted promptly. The Court is at present considering the question of allowing interest on the amount awarded. The cholera in Russia is abating. An imperial decree has been issued dismissing M. de Catacazy from the diplomatic service of Russia.

Later advices give some further speculation regarding the doings at Geneva. The report last week of the disposal of certain cases by the board of arbitration, which was not generally believed, is repeated by a Geneva newspaper, which claims to be in a position to confirm the statement. The board held a session, and it is believed that the case of the Florida was under discussion. A Brussels paper estimates the awards in the Florida and Alabama cases at £1,500,000. The new French loan is represented to meet with remarkable favor. A large excess above the amount offered by the government is said to have been secured. General Sherman has left Paris for England. Eight persons were killed by a railroad accident near Frankfort. The Czar is expected to visit the emperor of Germany in September. Pio Nono has a poor opinion of the Society of American Catholics. He will shortly issue an encyclical letter, declaring those people separated from the Church of Rome, and place them under the ban of major excommunication.

The Colombian government, being in funds by the resumption of the payment of the liabilities of the Panama Railroad Company, it has forwarded a large part of the balance due our government for claims awarded by the joint commission. The transaction was wholly unanticipated in Washington.

Mexican news is highly important. President Juarez died very suddenly, on the 18th, of heart disease. Lerdo de Tejada, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, was at once inaugurated in his place and will hold the office until Congress orders an election to fill the vacancy. The revolution is virtually ended by the death of Juarez, and a conference of the revolutionary chiefs was to be held at Monterey on the 28th ult.

The wreck of the steamer New England has been got off the "Wolves," and towed into Eastport. The engine will be saved.

Steamship Colorado, just arrived at San Francisco, brings latest Japenese advices. The Mikado left Yeddo June 28th, to make an extensive tour in Southern Japan, and this is the first time in Japanese history that a Mikado has ever undertaken such a journey. Telegraphic communication has been established between Yeddo and Nagasaki. The Government is about to promulgate a new form of religion. The tea crop is better than last year.

We have again some heavy losses by fire to report. In this city the partial burning of the City Flour Mills destroyed property to the value of over $70,000. The Erie Railway machine shops in Jersey City, were burnt on the 26th, with a loss in buildings, cars and machinery of not less than $300,000, and many place the loss at a much greater figure. A large car manufactory, in Philadelphia, was burnt on the same day—loss $200,000, and a Catholic Orphan Asylum near New York, at a loss of some $150,000.

Senator Sumner has at last declared his position. He comes out in favor of Greeley and denounces President Grant.

The weather continues moderate. We are having frequent rains. Quite a heavy shower fell in this vicinity Monday night, and the rain extended over a large portion of New England. Wednesday morning opens cloudy with prospects of more rain. Crop reports are, on the whole, favorable, but in some localities we have reports of damages by storms.

A COAL SCARE IN ENGLAND.—The people of England are getting to be uneasy about coal, which, though higher than it was in the coldest part of last winter, is yet rapidly rising. The average price for years has been five dollars per ton. It is now nearly fifteen. It is generally supposed to be the work of speculators and dealers. In 1866 it was reported by the Royal Commissioners that within the known coal fields of Great Britain there are at present 70,200,000,000 tons of coal, and under the superincumbent rock 56,300,000,000, making together some 126,500,000,000 available for use at a depth of not more than four thousand feet below the surface. The present rate of consumption is about 115,000,000 tons yearly, and at this rate our known stock of coal should last for a period of 1273 years. But allowing for a continued increase of consumption, the supply would be exhausted in 276 years, and if the iron manufactures maintained their present activity, in even a shorter period. The only consolation is that perhaps more coal fields may be discovered.

THE VIENNA EXPOSITION.—The Austrian authorities have earnestly requested our Government to do what it can to secure a full representation of the industrial interests of the United States at the Vienna Exhibition—which is now positively announced to open May 1 and close October 31, 1873.

EARTH CLOSETS.

Among the many inventions for the promotion of domestic comfort and cleanliness, which have been introduced to common use during the past few years, the Earth Closet is one of the most important. It is only about three years since its use commenced in this country, and though, during that limited time, a large number have been sold, yet very few persons in our country towns and villages are acquainted with the operations of the closet, or understand anything of the merits which fairly belong to it. Having had one in operation sufficiently long to be satisfied of its excellence, a friend has furnished us the following, which coincides with the opinion we had already formed of the value and practicability of the invention:—"The Earth Closet is a portable commode, occupying but little more room than a large easy-chair. Nicely finished, in some patterns even handsome as an article of furniture, it may stand in any chamber, or bath-room, or closet, without being in itself an offensive object to the eye, and in any proper place, its appearance suggests nothing that is not fitting and appropriate. Its construction includes a large receptacle or hopper, holding a quantity of perfectly dried and pulverized earth, a small quantity of which is distributed, by a simple mechanical arrangement, over the deposit, whenever the closet is used, thoroughly covering it and effectually preventing the escape of any offensive odor. A large hod or pan under the seat receives the excrement, and of course the earth which covers it. The parts of the closet are nicely joined together, so as to prevent the escape of any dust, and this simple arrangement constitutes the whole of the Earth Closet. A supply of dry and sifted earth must be put into the hopper every two or three weeks, and the hod under the seat must be emptied about twice a week. This is all—simple, effective, neat in appearance, easily taken care of, and wholly inoffensive, the Earth Closet presents its claims to the notice of all housekeepers.

The advantages derived from the use of the closet are numerous. The one most obvious, if not the one in itself the most important, is the removal of those out-of-door privies, which form so conspicuous an attachment to the dwelling houses all through our towns and villages. Never so wholly concealed by lattice or shrubbery as not to make their presence known to the sense of sight, they are often much more offensive to the other senses, from the fact that the vaults over which they stand are necessarily so foul as to emit the most noxious odors, poisoning the air and pervading the whole house. These privies are in themselves so utterly filthy, and so constantly suggestive of the lower wants of our nature, that all sorts of attempts are made to conceal them or to cover over any hint of the use to which they are put. In the better class of village residences, this adjunct is hidden by carefully arranged shrubbery; or it is connected with the house by a neatly constructed and artistically planned lattice-work; or it becomes a part of the woodshed or toolhouse, the nicest art being used to conceal it from outside observation. In too many cases, it stands out conspicuously, sometimes several rods from the dwelling, and thrusting its indecent presence upon the notice of every passer-by.

And however unobtrusive and clean these structures may be made to the eye, the fact that they almost invariably stand over offensive and ill ventilated vaults, makes their presence an annoyance and an abomination to the occupant of the dwelling. Let the imagination of the reader, or his actual observation, furnish illustrations of the entire truth of this statement. Every village residence, almost without exception, has a piece of ground attached, from which the supply of earth could easily be obtained, for the use of an earth closet. How much better than the present practice, the use of an arrangement by which comfort and decency are secured, and all the objectionable features avoided.

Another advantage of the closet is the manner in which a large amount of very valuable fertilizing material is utilized and preserved. The earth used being very dry and fine, readily absorbs all moisture of the evacuations, and the more solid portions are gradually decomposed, so that the whole mass becomes in time as dry and fine as when first used, while it is at the some time charged with fertilizing properties of great value. No other manurial agent is so inoffensive in its use as this, and for pot plants, or fine flower beds, no substance could be found more desirable. Of course its value in this respect depends somewhat upon the dry material with which the closet is supplied. Garden mould already rich in fertilizing properties, or dry muck, is more valuable than any already exhausted soil.

Add to these advantages, the use to which the closet may be put in lessening the labor of nursing the sick and infirm, the comfort it affords by being placed in an easily accessible place in cold and inclement weather, and its evident value as an agent for the prevention of those diseases which are fostered and disseminated by the offensive gases of cess-pools and privy-vaults, and the claims of the earth closet to at least an investigation of its merits, would seem to be fully established.

An item of consideration to every one is the cost of these modern conveniences. I have recently finished the house which I am now occupying. Having enjoyed, during two years' residence in Boston, the convenience and comfort of a water-closet, whose advantages became doubly apparent when we were reduced again to the use of the country privy, we determined to secure this luxury for our new dwelling. This is, of course, an adjunct of the bath-room, upon the second floor of the house. For many reasons it was desirable to have a second closet more accessible from the lower part of the house, and from the garden. A detached privy was out of the question, on the score of decency alone, but the cost of such a building, including the vault, and the covered approach to it, would be much above the expense of putting a second water closet in the basement. On comparing the water closet with the earth closet to which my attention was accidentally called, I found the first cost of the latter would be much less than that of the water closet, while the danger from carelessness in its use, frost, and other causes, seemed to be wholly avoided. The labor of taking care of the earth closet I consider no greater than that of pumping the supply for the water closet. As I do my own chores, I think I am qualified to judge. As a matter of economy, therefore, even in its first cost, the earth closet has every advantage, while the increased value of the manurial product more than compensates for any labor involved.

There is another consideration which must eventually make the earth closet system one of universal adoption in cities. The present system of sewerage is the most wasteful that could be devised. By it the fertilizing excretions of hundreds of thousands of persons, in each of our larger cities, are carried away to the sea, not a particle of the material taken from the soil in crops being returned to it in manure. It is easy to see what will be the result of this system in a few years. Indeed, it is already evident to what expedients our farmers are obliged to resort, by the use of concentrated fertilizers, and by the purchase of expensive manures, to restore the value of their exhausted soils. A system by which dry earth could be distributed to our city residences, and the same collected again after being used, could be easily devised, and could be carried out in such a manner as to be a source of revenue to the municipality, while it would occasion little or no trouble to the householders. In view of the fact that all our larger cities are periodically troubled with a water-panic, and of the immense expense attending the introduction of water and of drainage, I am convinced that the system of dry earth closets will, before many years, be the subject of municipal legislation, and that an entire change in the plan of sewerage, as far as it relates to human excrement, will be adopted."

THE NEW SUPERVISORS.—The new Supervisors, under the new Internal Revenue Law, and the Districts to which they are appointed, were settled on the 24th, and are as follows, viz: W. A. Simmons, New England; S. B. Dutcher, New York; Alexander P. Sutton, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and District of Columbia; S. T. Powell, Ohio and Indiana; D. W. Munn, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan; H. W. Perry, Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida: G. W. Emery, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana; K. R. Cobb, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Texas, Indian Territory, and New Mexico; J. W. Hedrick, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado; L. M. Foulke, California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington Territory, Idaho, Utah and Arizona.

The New England Supervisor dropped by the above arrangement, and reduction and consolidation of districts, is Walcott Hamlin, of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. The change takes effect August 1.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.—The number of men now employed on the new postoffice is between 250 and 300. The second story will be entirely finished early in August, and the stone-work of the third story will be begun immediately. It is expected that by January 1st the roof will be in position and the entire exterior of the edifice be completed. The work on the interior will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and in one year from the present time it is hoped that some parts of the building will be ready for occupancy. All the windows will be provided with heavy iron shutters. It is supposed that the building will be absolutely fire-proof, the partitions being of brick and the floors marble tiled. At least 25,000 bricks are now laid in a day. The building will be three stories in height, and will have a mansard roof. The first floor will be entirely occupied by the Post-Office Department; the second will be divided into court rooms, and the third will include numerous offices. The granite used is from the Dix island quarries on the coast of Maine, whence the material for the Treasury Department building at Washington is procured.

THE NEW PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The movement of the capitalists of San Francisco in favor of a new Pacific railroad daily grows stronger, and the enterprise may be looked upon as a thing already accomplished. The scheme has has naturally excited the opposition of the Central Pacific, and every effort is making to hinder its progress. In this new road—the Atlantic and Pacific—the only substantial prospect is opened to the people of California and of St. Louis and the West of establishing a suitable and permanent highway across the continent. The proposed route, which is along the thirty-fifth parallel, some six degrees south of the Union Pacific, is, in point of national convenience, much more eligible than any other; offering not only better advantages in the matter of climate, but also for commanding the trade of the interior. The charter has already been secured, and as soon as a certain sum is assured work will commence.

COTTON.—From reports received at the Treasury Department it is estimated that, by the expenditures of $36,000,000 for levees on the Mississipi river, 20,000,000 acres of cotton land and 25,000,000 acres of sugar land would be reclaimed, the annual product of which, it is estimated, would amount to $250,000,000 in gold. The average increase of cotton acreage throughout the cotton growing States will approximate, according to the report of the Agricultural Department, thirteen per cent. of the most favorable aspects to be found in these States producing the largest amount of cotton to the acre. This is true of the Gulf States, except a few districts where warm showers prevailed more or less during the past three weeks. Should the season continue generally favorable, the number of bales this year will probably reach four millions.

THE STEAMER NEW ENGLAND.—A dispatch of the 28th says the wreck of the New England has been towed into Eastport. On Thursday 240 casks were introduced into the hold through a hole into the bottom, and she was raised from the rock, but the revenue cutter Mosswood failed to move her. This was disheartening to Captain Coyle, and at first he determined either to burn her and save the metal or to leave her until the spring tides. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Francis Low of Boston, however, thought differently, and an effort was made to-day. The New York left St. John, N. B., at 11 o'clock on Saturday night for the "Wolves," and a 10 inch hawser was rigged so as to bring the strain on the keel, and she was started and towed into Eastport, bottom up, in spite of wind and tide. She was grounded by the Mosswood at the wharf. It is not known whether the boiler is in or not, but the engine will be saved.

THE FISHERIES.—The Gloucester *Advertiser* says:—The mackerel catch off this shore still continues very light; and but very few of the seiners have succeeded in getting fares the past month. The catch up to this time has not been half as large as that of last season, and the market is quite firm in view of the scarcity, number ones having advanced three dollars a barrel within a week. The quality is good, and the prospect is that still better prices will be obtained. The early Bay fleet are meeting with better success, and the prospect there is very encouraging. The vessels that went in first have mostly secured good fares, and some of them have landed their catch and refitted for another trip. The quality of the mackerel is said to be much better than those caught there last season. Men still continue very scarce to man our vessels, and much inconvenience is experienced therefrom, both in the Georges and mackerel fishery.

SUGAR RIVER (N. H.) RAILROAD.—The Sugar River Railroad, thirty miles long, will be completed this week so that construction trains will enter Claremont, and regular passenger trains will begin running September 2. After this is completed the rails will be laid two and a half miles further to the Sullivan road. The President of the Sugar River road, John S. Walker of Claremont, is pushing things with energy; real estate in that town is in brisk demand at advanced prices, and many new houses are going up. New grounds are being fitted up at Claremont, at an expense of $10,000, by the Sullivan County Park Association, and the Connecticut Valley Fair will be held there on the third week in September.

THE STATE ELECTIONS.—The States which hold elections previous to the presidential contest in November are as follows: North Carolina, August 1; Kentucky, Montana and Utah, August 5; New Mexico, September 1; California, September 2; Vermont, September 3; Maine, September 9; Colorado Territory, September 10; Dakota, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, Ohio, Pennsylvania and District of Columbia, October 8; South Carolina, October 16; West Virginia, October 24. We have published the substance of this before, but it is very convenient for reference in these campaign times.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.—The regatta at Springfield, on Wednesday of last week, resulted quite unexpectedly in favor of the Amherst crew. In in the University race six crews contended and came in the following order: Amherst, Harvard, Massachusetts Agricultural, Bowdoin, Williams and Yale. The time of the winning crew was 16; 32 1-5, the best on record. Wesleyan University, Amherst, Brown and Sheffield Scientific were the contestants for freshman honors, and came in in the above mentioned order, Middletown making 17:7 1-5. Ten or fifteen thousand people witnessed the race.

BURNING OF MR. EMERSON'S RESIDENCE.—We announced last week the fact that the residence of R. W. Emerson, in Concord, Mass., was burnt on the 24th, but had no details. We learn that the valuable library of the owner and his furniture were saved. The house was almost totally destroyed, except the walls of the lower floor which alone were left standing. In the attic were a number of books and valuable manuscripts belonging to the late William Emerson of New York, some of which were badly damaged and others destroyed. It is supposed that the fire was caused by a defective flue, that it caught on Tuesday morning and had been smouldering ever since. The value of the house was estimated at $5000, and it was insured for $2500. The building stood opposite the junction of the Old Boston road and the Lexington turnpike.

POSITION OF MR. SUMNER.—Wednesday morning's papers contain a long letter from Senator Sumner in which he defines his position in the present political campaign, and declaring himself in favor of Greeley and opposed to the re-election of President Grant. The Senator is very loud in his praises of Mr. Greeley, very severe in his strictures upon President Grant, and very earnest in his expression of devotion to the rights of the class represented by those who have succeeded in bringing out this declaration.

PEACHES.—The advent of peaches, in full supply to the market, has a bearing on the temperance question. A curious statistician of Philadelphia demonstrated last summer that the sale of malt and alcoholic beverages at the bars in that city dropped off one third when peaches were plenty, and that the cheaper that pleasant fruit became the smaller was the business done by the liquor sellers. The peaches are doubly grateful, therefore, partly for their own sake and partly for what they effect in diminishing the demand for injurious and intoxicating beverages. Temperance people have reason to rejoice in an abundant peach crop.

GRAPES.—Ripe Hartford Prolific grapes from Georgia were for sale in this market last week, a much earlier date than they have before received. It is also worthy of remark, says the *Journal*, that though our native grapes did not start this season so early as usual by about two weeks, the berries on the vines are now as large as they usually are in August. On vines which were not injured by the cold last winter the fruit hangs in great profusion, giving promise of a very large crop.

SHOEMAKERS' STRIKE.—The shoemakers of Lynn are on a strike, because the manufacturers have introduced machinery for setting the edges of shoes, and reduced the price for trimming the edges from 3½ to 3 cents per pair. The manufacturers state that at the last-named rate the trimmers average double the wages of men employed in any other branch of the business, and that all the other workmen are satisfied with their pay, but join in the strike by order of the Crispins. The strike is not general, and the opinion was expressed that many of the manufacturers would resume on Monday, having arranged with the strikers, and that the move would amount to a temporary suspension of work rather than a strike.

AN UNEXPECTED PAYMENT.—The secretary in charge of the Colombian legation has unexpectedly sent to the department of State a large part of the balance due for claims, according to the awards of the joint commissioners under the convention between Colombia and the United States, and which has been delayed in consequence of the failure of the Panama Railroad Company to meet its liabilities to the Colombian government. The Panama Company having resumed its payments, that government has resumed its own payments to the United States.

ENORMOUS INDIAN SWINDLE.—A letter from the Choctaw country states that the Congressional Investigating Committee now there has discovered that of over two million dollars paid for their Missouri lands none of it has been received by the tribe, but passed into the hands of a Baltimore lawyer named Latrobe and the five delegates to Washington from that tribe. The Chickasaw Indians were also similarly victimized.

ENGLAND ABOLISHES POSTAL SUBSIDIES.—An important step has been taken by the British Government. It is announced that the ministry has decided to abolish all postal subsidies to steam-ship lines. Notification of the change has already been given to the Brazilian and West India Steamship Company, which has received £20,000 a year, and the Cunard and other contracts will be soon terminated. The new policy will effect a saving to the national treasury of £500,000 a year. This action of the British Government will most likely prove a death-blow to the subsidy system in all countries.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.—Judge Willard of the State Supreme Court of So. Carolina has decided the act for the side issue to the Blue Ridge Railroad Company of State Scrip receivable for taxes as unconstitutional and void. The practical effect of the decision is to wipe out $2,000,000 of State liability created by the action of the last Legislature.

MEANS WHAT HE SAYS.

Though "confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ" and as numerous as the sands on the sea shore, were produced to prove that Dr. Pierce, the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, is in earnest and *means* what he says, when he offers $500 reward for any case of Catarrh which he can not cure, yet there would be some skeptics and fogies who would continue to shout, "*Humbug!*" "Humbug!" "Humbug, because Dr. Hosmopsun says Catarrh cannot be cured." Now, this Dr. Homespun is the identical, good natured old fellow who honestly believes and persists in declaring that this remedy, as put up and prepared, is flat as a "slap-jack" and does not turn over, otherwise the water would all be spilled out of Deacon Bascom's mill pond. But astronomical science has positively demonstrated that the theory of Dr. Homespun is wrong in supposing this earth to be flat and stationary, and medical science is daily proving the fact that he is no less mistaken and behind the times in regard to the curability of Catarrh. In short, it has been positively proven that this world *moves* and that medical science is *progressive*—the opinion of Dr. Homespun to the contrary notwithstanding. Thus Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure Catarrh, thousands who have used it attest.

Then buy it, and use it, in doubt do not stand,
You will find it in drug stores all over the land.

WHITE'S Specialty for the Dyspepsia still carries all before it as a remedy. The testimonials as to its efficiency are numberless, and the restored to health sing psalms of rejoicing almost constantly. We could name several well-known gentlemen who speak without stint in praise of the quite infallible remedy. This is the season that lays the foundation for the disease.—*Commonwealth.*

H. G. White, Proprietor, 107 Washington St., Boston. Price, $1.00.

ALL the first-class agricultural journals in the country give the Blanchard Churn as one of their premiums for a certain number of subscribers. This is a pretty good indorsement of the churn, as they are in a position to know which is *the best.*

BURNETT'S COCOAINE promotes the growth of the Hair. Free from irritating matter.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

The Republican State Central Committee of Massachusetts held a meeting last Saturday and voted to hold the State Convention at Worcester, on Wednesday, the 28th day of August.

The Utah democratic State convention met at Salt Lake City on Saturday, and nominated as delegate to Congress George Q. Cannon, a prominent polygamist and apostle of the Mormon church. The Cincinnati platform was indorsed, and a resolution adopted that the public sentiment of the nation and our own best interests alike require that the domestic institutions and the local government should be moulded to conform with those of all other American communities. The nomination and resolution made quite a sensation.

The letter for the recall of Minister Curtin from the court of St. Petersburg, addressed to the Emperor of Russia, was written on the 24th of April, at his own request.

A few persons of prominence in the political world were present at the reception at Horace Greeley's farm at Chappaqua last Saturday. Mr. Greeley stated that he had come to the determination of holding no more receptions, in consequence of the ill-health of his wife, and also of the course pursued by a New York journal, alluding to the *Times*. Mr. Greeley intimated that he should not make any more speeches for several months.

The Greeley State committee of New Jersey has passed a resolution requesting James S. Scovill to resign his position as representative of the State in the national committees.

The *Herald's* Philadelphia letter says that the Pennsylvania Republican State Centra Committee have had in their possession for two weeks a letter from Gen. Hartranft, withdrawing from the Gubernatorial candidacy, if in the judgment of the committee they think it wise.

The Democrats of the First Maine Congressional District, on the 25th, nominated W. H. Clifford of Portland, for Representative from that district.

The President has decided to promote Richard Beardsley, now consul at Jerusalem, to be consul-general in Egypt in place of George H. Butler, recalled.

The Markets.

[Reported expressly for the New England Farmer.]

CROP PROSPECTS.

Wheat.—The prospects for winter wheat are without decided change, though there is some complaint in a few sections of injury from wet weather since harvesting commenced, and there are a few reports that it don't turn out as well as expected where threshing has commenced. The hot, forcing weather, in many places, ripened wheat too fast and too quick to allow it to fill out to the best advantage. The New York *Produce Exchange Reporter* says advices from the Middle States are not so favorable as indicated, by previous reports. Some injury has been done to the crop in Indiana and Illinois by heavy and protracted rains, and the yield, upon the whole, is not as large as had anticipated, but the quality is generally good. Reports are less favorable from the Northwest. Many think the wheat has been injured by the intense heat of the sun, and has ripened prematurely, and that in some sections the yield will be small and inferior. Such are the prevailing apprehensions will not be realized. Still so much depends upon the weather that no decided opinion can be given. As a careful reading, it is said, "of the letters from the winter wheat growing states confirms previous impressions, expressed some three months since, that the crop would not exceed two-thirds of an average. These remarks apply to the Atlantic States as it is well known that California and Oregon have already secured very large crops, and will have plenty to market it." To effect this I might quote some other statements to the effect that wheat is very generally good, but the authorities are not unanimous. We may well informed as this commercial circular from New York. Still, as reports from Michigan, and some other winter wheat sections are more favorable of late, we may perhaps safely conclude that winter wheat, if well secured and saved, will be from two-thirds to three-fourths of a crop.

As to spring wheat, there are many complaints from Wisconsin, and there is much reason to fear there will be a very light crop in many sections of the State. Reports from Minnesota are still very favorable; it is quite probable that there will be a good crop of spring wheat in Iowa. There will also be considerable grown in Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas, but it is too early to ascertain how the crop will compare with other years.

Reports from Europe continue favorable, though it is significant that none claim a full average yield, and some say that take all together there will be less than average. But a majority of those that appear to be the most reliable say that, if the weather continues favorable there will be a moderate average. That appears to be the most that can be claimed in England; but in France and Germany crops will be good. From Northern and Eastern Europe reports are much less favorable.

As to market prospects; in England much depends on the weather. If it continues fine and warm, and wheat is secured in good season and in good order, it is expected that prices will be lower. With a wet, backward harvest, they will be very likely to advance. Stocks of wheat and flour are said to be quite moderate, and if there does not seem to be very large surplus of supplies are going to be obtained, with a favorable harvest, but if the harvest is bad, and it is late before new will be available, there may be a large temporary demand for consumption. If wheat, both in Europe and at home, is very generally well harvested and secured in good order, it is now probable that prices will neither be very high nor unusually low, but such as may pay the producer and can be afforded by the consumer. That is, that things may be the usual of the markets are not largely affected by speculation.

Hops.—There is little doing in hops, but prices are kept up by the poor prospects of the growing crop. Still reports vary, and on the whole may be more favorable than earlier in the season. But Emmet Wells' circular says it is not expected that we shall raise hops enough for our own use.

Dairy Products.—Cheese, it is said, is advancing, with a active shipping demand in New York, and higher prices in England. The excessive heat had been very unfavorable for butter-making, and there will be likely to do better as the weather becomes cooler.

Wool.—The *Economist* says it is true there is a large stock of wool on hand, but it is a mere nominal at best, and manufacturers know it, and are buying all they can without exciting the market. Last year three-fourths of the wool was sold at this time, and the farmers have three-fourths on hand, and seem determined to hold it until they get their figures. "Manufacturers have become alarmed at the indifference of wool growers in marketing their wool as in former years, and a struggle for the mastery has commenced to see who will yield first. Mill owners are acting with extreme caution, else wool would be selling at 5 to 10c. ₰ ℔ higher than it is now. Not only in the country if they were not afraid of exciting the market. But the day is not far distant when wool will be in lively demand at much higher prices than those now current." Other commercial authorities also show that wool is much lower here than it coste to import it. As an illustration, the *Journal of Commerce* says even saying that foreign wools on hand might be exported at a profit, but how to get the money. Farmers will get what they should have—a price equal to the cost of importing the same grades of wool, remains to be seen.

BOSTON RETAIL PRICES.

Inside of Faneuil Hall Market.

[Corrected weekly by J. F. HILTON, No. 8, *Veal and Mutton*; RUSSELL BROS., Nos. 17 & 19, *Poultry and Game*; H. BIRD & CO., Nos. 38 & 40, *Beef, Pork, Lard and Hams*; C. C. CHAMBERLIN & CO., Nos. 79 & 81, *Butter, Cheese and Eggs*; SANDS, FURBER & CO., Nos. 88 & 90, *Fruit and Vegetables*; NEWCOMB & KROGMAN, Nos. 30 & 32, New F. H. MARKET, *Fish*; MERRITT & RICHARDSON, No. 1, P. H. Square, *Fruit and Nuts.*]

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Butter, new imp	38 @ .40	Cheese, ₰ lb	.16 @ .18
new inb, ch'ce	.30 @ .33	Eggs, ₰ doz	.26 @ .28
" 2d	.25 @ .28		

Meats, Fresh, ₰ lb.

Beef, ₰ lb—		hind qr	.16 @ .18
Sirloin steak	.30 @ .35	fore qr	.12 @ .14
Round do	.23 @ .25	Spring, hd, qr	.20 @ .28
Rib, roast	.20 @ .28	fore	.15 @ .20
Chuck rib	.16 @ .18	Mutton—	
Plate and navle	.8 @ .10	legs, ₰ lb	.17 @ .20
Soup pieces	.3 @ .5	fore qr, ₰ lb	.8 @ .12
Liver	.6 @ .8	chops	.14 @ .20
Hearts, ₰ lb	.5 @ .4	Pork, ₰ lb—	
Hogs, round, ₰ lb	6½ @ .7	Roast and stks	.8 @ .10
Hasket, sheep, ea	.5 @ .5	Steet, ₰ lb	.9 @ .10
Kidney, each	.6 @ .8	Tallow, ₰ lb	.9½ @ 10
Lard, leaf	.8 @ .10	Veal, h'd qr ₰ lb	.15 @ .22
Tried	.10 @ .11	fore qr	.10 @ .15
Lamb—		loins	.15 @ .20

Meats—Salt, Smoked, &c.

Pork, hams, ₰ lb	.15 @ .20	smoked, ea	1 15 @ 1 25
Bacon, ₰ lb	.14 @ .15	bnesp, do, ₰ dz	.8 @ .60
Shoulders, ₰ lb	.9 @ .12	Sausage, ₰ lb	.10 @ .12
Salt, ₰ lb	.9 @ .12	Sausage, ₰ lb	.10 @ .12
Beef, corned, ₰ lb	.9 @ .12½	Bologna, q'nt'y	.10 @ .12
Smoked, ₰ lb	.20 @ .22	Tripe, ₰ lb	.8 @ .12
Tongues, ₰ lb	.17 @ .20		

Poultry and Game.

Chickens, ₰ lb—		Pigeons, ₰ doz	.6 @ .8
Spring	.40 @ .50	squab, pr	75 @ 1 00
Ducks, choice	.25 @ .30	Pigs, sck'g, ea	2 00 @ 3 00
Black, ₰ pr	.8 @ .9	quarter, ₰ lb	.12 @ .17
Fowls, ₰ lb	.25 @ .28	Turkeys,	
Geese, ₰ lb	.15 @ .20	choice, ₰ lb	.25 @ .33
Green, ₰ lb	.25 @ .30	ordinary, ₰ lb	.20 @ .25

Fruits and Berries.

Apples—		Grapes—	
₰ bbl, new	3 50 @ 5 00	Hartford, q'n	100 @ 1 75
₰ pk	.50 @ .75	Raspberries, ₰ qt	.@ .40
Bananas, ₰ dz	.50 @ 1 00	Lemons, ₰ doz	.50 @ .75
Blackberries, qt	.25 @ .30	Oranges,	.@ .60
Blueberries, qt	.15 @ .20	Messina, ₰ dz	.@ .75
Citron melon, ea	.15 @ .20	Peaches, ₰ crate	50 @ 5 00
Cocoanuts, ea	.@ .10	Pears, ₰ pk	1 00 @ 2 00
Currants, ₰ qt	.20 @ .25	Pineapples, ea	.15 @ .25
Gooseberries, qt	.@ .15	Watermelons, ea	.50 @ 1 00

Fruits and Nuts—Dry and Canned.

Almonds, ₰ lb	.25 @ .40	Prunes, ₰ lb	.15 @ .20
Peaches, ₰ lb	.20 @ .25	Raisins, ₰ box	.@ .60
Apples, ₰ lb	.10 @ .15	₰ qt can	.@ .50
Castana, ₰ qt	.@ .20	Raisins, lay's, ₰ lb	.20 @ .25
Chestnuts, ₰ bush	.@ .60	Sultana, ₰ lb	.20 @ .25
Dates, ₰ lb	.@ .15	Shagbarks, ₰ qt	.@ .15
Figs, ₰ lb	.20 @ .40	Walnuts, English	.@ .20
Filberts, ₰ qt	.@ .20	Soft shells, ₰ qt	.@ .20
Peanuts, ₰ qt	.10 @ .15	Zante currs, ₰ lb	.15 @ .20
Pecans, ₰ lb	.@ .20		

Vegetables.

Beans, ₰ pk	.75 @ 1 25	green, ₰ pk	.@ .75
quart	.12 @ .18	Potatoes, ₰ pk	.20 @ .25
string, pk	.50 @ .75	₰ bushel	.50 @ .65
Beets, ₰ pk	.@ .25	₰ barrel new	3 00 @ 3 50
Cabbages, ea	.10 @ .20	Early Rose, new pkg	.@ .50
Carrots, ₰ bch	.@ .8	Sage and Thyme—	
Cauliflowers, ea	.@ .25	₰ bunch	.@ .6
Cucumbers, ea	.@ .2	Squashes—	
Lettuce, ₰ head	.@ .6	summer, ea	.6 @ .8
Onions, ₰ pk	.@ .50	winter	.@ .5
bunch	.@ .5	Tomatoes—	
Bermuda, ₰ lb	.@ .5	natives, ₰ pk	.@ 2 00
Parsley, ₰ bunch	.@ .10	₰ qt can	.@ .25
Peas, split, ₰ qt	.@ .10	Turnips, ₰ pk	.@ .50

Fish—Fresh.

Bass, striped, ₰ lb	.@ .20	Halibut, ₰ lb	.12 @ .15
Bluefish, ₰ lb	.@ .10	Haddock, ₰ lb	.@ .6
Cod, ₰ lb	.@ .8	Mackerel, ea	.10 @ .30
pickled, ₰ lb	.@ .8	Perch, ₰ doz	.@ .20
tongues, ₰ lb	.@ .12	Salmon, ₰ lb	.35 @ .40
cheeks, ₰ lb	.@ .10	Swordfish, ₰ lb	.@ .12½
Cusk, ₰ lb	.@ .6	Trout, ₰ lb	.@ .50
Eels, ₰ lb	.12 @ .15		
Flounders, ₰ lb	.6 @ .8		

Fish—Dry, Smoked, Shell, &c.

Alewives, ₰ doz	.@ .25	Salt, ₰ klt	2 50 @ 4 00

New England Farmer.

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Vol. XXVII. New Series. }

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2.—If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and to collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

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General Intelligence.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

The death of ex-Postmaster-general A. W. Randall, at his home in Elmira, N. Y., on the 25th, is announced. He was born in Montgomery county, New York, in October 1819. Here he received a good education, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1840 he went to Wisconsin and established himself in Waukesha, where he practiced, and served a long time as post-master. In 1854 he was a member of the State legislature, two years later judge of the second district, and the next and during the exciting and trying years of the war, governor of the State. Between 1861 and 1865 he represented the government abroad as minister to Italy, and on his return was made assistant-postmaster-general, and afterward, in 1866, he succeeded General Dennison, and became postmaster-general. He was vehemently assailed during the stormy period of Johnson's administration, but no serious charges against him were positively sustained. Since the close of that administration, he has been measurably out of public life, and engaged in business affairs. He had few personal enemies, and most of his personal friends.

Private letters from Mr. Joseph Jefferson ("Rip Van Winkle") state that his recovery from the recent operation for cataract of the eyes has not been as rapid as the newspapers are good enough to make it. His eyes are still feeble and cause him much pain. He will have to wear glasses until the opening of his engagement next season.

President Grant and family arrived in New York from Long Branch, Monday, and left same evening for the Thousand Isles in the St. Lawrence.

General Sherman is expected to return to Washington about the 5th of September.

Hon. Harry Hibbard, who died at the McLean Asylum, Somerville, last Sunday, was for many years quite prominent in New Hampshire politics. Mr. Hibbard was born in Concord, Vt., June 1, 1816. He was educated at Dartmouth College. Having studied law, he commenced practice in Bath in 1839, and though much engaged in politics soon became a leading member of the Grafton bar. He was several years a member of the Legislature, and twice President of the Senate, and was three times elected to Congress, from 1849 to 1855. At the close of his third term in Congress he retired to private life. He had long been in feeble health, and in 1870 his mind became affected and he soon after entered the McLean Asylum for treatment.

Rear Admiral Lanman, lately in command of the Atlantic fleet, has been placed on the retired list by reason of long and faithful service. This promotes Commodore Pennock of the Portsmouth Navy Yard to the grade of Rear Admiral, and Captain R. H. Wyman to the grade of Commodore.

It is said that Miss Kellogg has been offered engagements at St Petersburg, Paris and Florence in consequence of her triumph in London, but her engagements in this country prevent their acceptance.

Prof. Rawlinson, the celebrated writer on ancient history, has been made Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, England.

Jonathan Kimball, late Superintendent of Schools at Salem, has accepted an appointment as Professor of Greek in Washington University, St. Louis.

Commodore William Nicholson, of the navy died at his residence in Philadelphia on Thursday last, in the 73d year of his age, having been born in the year 1800. He was a native of Maryland, from which State he was appointed midshipman in 1812. He was commissioned as Commodore July 16, 1862. Commodore Nicholson was retired under the act of 1861 and its amendment of 1864. There were many striking events in the course of his career. When a midshipman young Nicholson was on board the President, commanded by Decatur, in the desperate action off Long Island, when he was surrendered to the British fleet. He was carried to England and not released until after the war. In his younger days showed great personal bravery on many occasions, and the code of honor having then been in higher esteem than it is now, he was the hero of several duels. When the rebellion broke out he was in command of the naval asylum in Philadelphia, and having been a Marylander, his southern friends expected him to join the South. But he promptly offered his services to the government, considering that they were due to the United States and not to any State. He was given an important command and did his duty faithfully. His active service has been longer than that of any other officer in the navy. Commodore Nicholson was never married.

A San Francisco correspondent of the Worcester *Spy* writes:—

"A few evening since Dr. Stone, formerly of Boston, preached a powerful discourse on the recent mining stocks furore, over which thousands went half mad, many lost, a few behind the curtain won, while they chuckled at the fools outside. A handful of sharpers managed the entire programme, based on nothing. He has just begun service in his new church, an imposing and elegant structure. We know not where its beautiful, chaste, cheerful interior can be equalled. Dr. Stone is meeting with abundant success, indispensable to a large congregation. The same may be said of Dr. Stebbins. They are two leading clergymen on the coast, though the former has a fervor of manner, a pointed, pithy and glowing style, that gives him a wider influence and popularity than the scholastic elegance and precision of his compeer. Each is doing a valuable work, cordially sustained by large circles of co-workers and friends."

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.

On Friday evening, 26th, a fire broke out in the Boston City Flour Mills, Commercial Wharf, from No. 47 to 52. In No. 48, where the fire was discovered, was located the expensive bolting apparatus, beside a large quantity of wheat, all of which was destroyed; and working from that point to Nos. 47, 49 and 50 on the second floor, the sifters and 50 tons of shorts, valued at $1500, were either consumed or ruined by water, while in other portions of the premises 1800 barrels of flour were also ruined. The powerful upright engine which was valued at $10,000, has been rendered useless, while the block, which is the property of the Commercial Wharf Company is damaged to the amount of about $12,000—fully insured. The Flour Mills Corporation estimate their loss at about $60,000—insured for $37,000 on machinery, and $40,000 on stock. The insurances are mostly in Boston companies. During the fire, by the breaking of a ladder four firemen were thrown into the street, one of them, Gershom Sherman, receiving such serious injuries that his recovery is thought doubtful.

On Monday evening a fire broke out in the extensive tannery of Messrs. Guild & Sons, situated on Charlestown Neck. The building is a wooden one, four stories high, with a frontage of 250 feet and a depth of 50 feet. The first floor was used for scouring and tanning, the second floor for finishing, and the third and fourth floors for stuffing. In the central portion of the building there were stored 500 barrels of oil, which is a necessary article in an establishment of this kind. The fire reached these barrels in half an hour, and a loud explosion followed, the flames being forced through the roof to an altitude of nearly two hundred feet. In the basement were about two hundred vats containing leather undergoing the first process of tanning, all of which was damaged, but not spoiled. The machinery destroyed was valued at $15,000, and a part of it was entirely new. The building was valued at $10,000, and the stock destroyed at $60,000. The total loss is estimated in the neighborhood of $38,000. The entire property, including the buildings, was owned by Chester Guild & Sons, who are insured in various offices to the aggregate amount of $100,000. About 140 men are thrown out of employment by this fire.

On Wednesday the, 24th, a fire broke out in the carpenter shop of the Erie Railway Company, near the end of Long Dock, Jersey City, which shop formed the eastern end of a parallelogram of shops, covering an area of 300 by 250 feet, the western end fronting on Prevost street. Within the space thus enclosed were the repair shops, machine shops, blacksmith, carpenter and paint shops, and general storerooms of the Company.

Before the firemen could get to work the flames extended along the roof of the machine shop, and bursting out of every window for three hundred feet, in less than an hour the whole block of shops were in ruins. Within the repair shops were thirty-three locomotives, about half a dozen almost new. Most of them were freight engines, but there were several fine express locomotives in the shops.

The machine and blacksmith shops were full of costly machinery, boilers, trip-hammers, furnaces, &c. One of the trip-hammers alone cost $30,000 within a month. The buildings also contained copper, tin and wooden patterns, and a full supply of the best tools for railway purposes. The shops were of brick, two stories high, with slate roofs, and were only completed eight months ago at a cost of about $80,000. The entire premises covered five or six acres. Upwards of 1100 hands have been employed. There is no instance on record of a destruction so sudden and complete. The machinery can only be sold for old iron. Two firemen were struck by the falling walls. One, James McCarty, was killed, and the other badly injured. McCarty was engineer of one of the steamers, and was crushed by the falling walls while at his post. It is now estimated that the loss is fully $2,000,000. The machinery was valued at $800,000, and the twenty-four locomotives at $112,000, the buildings at $80,000, and the patterns at $10,000. Other estimates, however, are much smaller. At a meeting of the Erie directors, a statement was made that the actual loss did not exceed $300,000. The new officers had recently all its property insured in some fifteen different companies for $13,000,000. Had the fire occurred under the Gould administration the loss would have been very heavy. Much of the machinery will be repaired and saved. The buildings will be immediately rebuilt. All the workmen will be employed in other shops of the company at various points. It is stated that the directors will immediately abrogate all the Gould fraudulent contracts, which will rid the company of many speculators.

The Catholic Female Protectory in West Chester, N.Y. a few miles above New York City, was totally burned on the 25th. The loss is about $150,000. It was an educational home for vagrant and criminal Catholic children, presided over by the Sisters of Charity, and its destruction leaves some five hundred children homeless. The work of rebuilding will be commenced at once. The amount of insurance, $125,000 on the building and $10,000 on the furniture, will enable the managers to set about erecting a new structure, but it will require a very large sum of money to place the institution in its former condition of usefulness. The Commissioners of Charities have kindly consented to take charge of 250 children, until such time as the managers of the Protectory are enabled to provide them with accommodations.

Monday, 29th, a fire was discovered in the large sugar house on Leonard Street, New York. The efforts to subdue the flames were unavailing and the inmates of adjoining buildings removed their effects and awaited the issue. Both buildings and stock were entirely destroyed. The establishment was owned by Berger, Hulbert and Livingstone. One hundred and fifty men are thrown out of employment. One of the adjoining building was slightly injured. The loss is estimated at $500,000; fully insured. The cause of the fire is unknown.

The blacksmith shop and carpenter shop of Allison & Co.'s, Car Works, West Philadelphia, were burned on the 25th. Loss, $200,000; fully insured. The tube works adjoining were saved. Seven hundred and fifty men were thrown out of work by the fire. On the afternoon of the same day, the extensive saw and planing mills of Mahaffy & Yobey, were burned. Loss $5000 to $2000. The buildings belonged to George S. Garrett of Delaware county. Loss $15,000; partially insured.

Lovecraft's planning mill, together with the building of F. G. King, occupied by Schrantz & Co., as a furniture factory, and some adjoining buildings, in Rochester, N. Y., were burned on the 25th. All the losses were about $55,000.

A fire in Newark, N. J., Friday noon, 26th, destroyed one of the buildings of the New Jersey Zinc Works. Thirty or forty furnaces were injured. Loss, probably $25,000, covered by insurance.

A fire at Janesville, Wis., on the 28th, destroyed a large shingle mill, the property of Albright & Engleson; also, several piles of lumber and shingles near the mill. Loss, $20,000; insurance, $7000.

On Sunday, 28th, at an early hour, a fire broke out in the back part of Mortimer's drug store in Ottawa, Ontario. It spread rapidly to the buildings in the same range, and six shops, with the stocks and furniture in the dwellings overhead, were almost entirely destroyed. The fire also spread through the stables in the rear of Matthew's Hotel and caught the roof of the latter building which was also demolished. The wife of Mr. Evans, who occupied the dwelling over Nye's tobacco store, was burned to death, Mr. Evans narrowly escaping the same fate, while the servant girl in his employ and also one of the Mortimers jumped from the third story windows into the street. The former was fatally injured. Loss $15,000; insured.

Sherman Brothers' planing mill, Brooklyn, N. Y., was burned on the 29th. Most of the contents were destroyed. The adjoining building, occupied by E. Dillon's carriage factory, was also burned. Total losses upward of $50,000.

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

Arrangements are steadily progressing for the approaching Fair at Lowell. A large premium list and novel attractions, among them the celebration of the opening of the city water works, warrant the expectation of a large attendance. A correspondent of the *Journal* says:—

It will be remembered that at the time of the Fair last year, a fearful epidemic was raging here, and probably thousands of people remained away on that account. This year Lowell offers to her expectant visitors a clean city, and the warm hospitalities of her people, and it is to be hoped that her invitation will be largely accepted. The Fair will be held on the same grounds as on last year, which embrace more than 40 acres of land, admirably arranged for the necessities of the occasion. Within the enclosure, arrangements have been made for a full supply of water both for man and beast. Pens for swine, sheep, etc., are in process of construction, and everything will be made to conform to general convenience and utility. The railroad facilities will, as on last year, furnish exhibitors an opportunity of discharging stock and articles for exhibition directly on the grounds. Passenger trains will also enter here. The exhibition building contains nearly thirty thousand square feet of available space, and is pronounced one of the finest buildings, for the purposes for which it is intended, in the State. Horsemen present last year will testify to the general excellence of the track. Three builders of steam fire engines have signified their intention of competing in the trial of their respective engines, and a number of owners of noted horses will be here to contest the very liberal purses to be offered. The Massachusetts Society for the Protection of Cruelty to animals has offered, in connection with the New England Fair, premiums to the amount of about $300, to be awarded for articles designed to benefit animals. Some of the articles specified are harness for oxen, horse boots, bits, &c. E. M. Reed, Esq., a well known builder and contractor, is the general superintendent of the Fair. E. T. Rowell of the *Courier* is general secretary.

THE PEACE JUBILEE.

As our readers may be pleased to see how an enthusiastic English correspondent was affected by the performances on the "English Day," June 18th, we make the following extracts from the London *Times* of July 16th:—

Never, since queens began to rule on earth was the English national anthem sung by so many human tongues and hearts under one roof. Nowhere under the British sceptre, though the linked continents and islands that own its sway shall belt the great globe itself, will that anthem be sung so again. Here, in sight of Bunker Hill, and on the anniversary of that very memorable day in our common history, the granddaughter of George III, received the grandest choral ovation that ever honored a human sovereign. Twenty-five thousand American hearts, and nearly as many of their voices, mingled in the uprising flood as the one "voice of many waters." All the varied and vast instrumentalities that human skill and genius could train to musical utterance seemed touched with spontaneous inspiration. The great organ, played by tiller rods as long as a steamship's keel, put in the emphasis of its mighty bass.

Scores of brass cannon, whose swift keys were touched by electric nerves like the wires of a piano, beat time with the accents of their deep and mellow thunder. From afar down the vocal mountain and out upon the human sea rolled the ground swell of the anthem. Anon, Gilmore, the Napoleon of the Jubilee, leaned over on one foot and smote with his wand at this side and that of the myriad-voiced mountain, like another Moses at Horeb, and a deepening torrent of melody gushed out into the careering flood. At that sublime moment how many thousands wished that Queen Victoria had been present in person to hear how American tongues and hearts could sing the benediction of that national hymn!

The electric effort of Mr. Godfrey's complimentary performance of the "Star Spangled Banner" is depicted, and the *Times'* account closes as follows:

Never since human hymns were sung did one follow another with such effect upon listening thousands. It was the happiest incident of all the festal days of the Jubilee. No moment in the history of the two nations could have made the incident more felicitous, beautiful and touching. While the astute discussions of worldly diplomacy were arraying the two governments in ambiguous dispute, the two great peoples embraced each other in these two songs with a sense of brotherhood they never felt before. They recognised the "Consequential Claims" of the old kith and kin, of the old histories and memories, their glorious and proud inheritance, as undivisible as one human life. This was the sentiment that led and lifted the tide of emotion to its most rapturous height: and when the last strain died away, murmuring against its end, the great triumph of the Jubilee was felt and owned by every soul present. "The English Day" was well worth the structure of the Coliseum, and all that it had cost of faith, hope, genius and effort to convene under its roof twenty thousand singers and the best musical instruments and capacities of the world.

OUR readers who desire musical instruction, in any department, will do well to note the announcement in another column, of the New England Conservatory of Music, an institution which enjoys a high reputation, and which by affording the best instruction at the lowest rates, has achieved an unprecedented success. Its director, Dr. Tourjee, has just been appointed Dean of the College of Music of Boston University.

WISDOM, displayed by having casters on your Sewing Machine.

The World Abroad.

CABLE DISPATCHES.

Great Britain.

LONDON, July 24.—It is reported that the Foreign Office has received dispatches from Dr. Livingstone of the date of November last. Communication of them to Parliament, however, has been postponed until Monday next, when Stanley, who is the bearer of further communications from the Doctor, is expected to reach London. Mr. Stanley arrived at Marseilles to-day and took the train for Paris, whence he will proceed direct to London.

The annual banquet to Her Majesty's Ministry was given at the Mansion House to-night, the Lord Mayor presiding. All the members of the Cabinet were present, and the diplomatic body, the Bench and Parliament were well represented among the guests. Mr. Gladstone responded to a toast to Her Majesty's Government, proposed by the Lord Mayor. In the course of his speech he called to mind the congratulations uttered by Mr. Schenck, the Minister of the United States, at the Lord Mayor's banquet last year on the conclusion of the Treaty of Washington. "Since then," continued Mr. Gladstone, "a cloud has appeared on the horizon, but it has been dispelled. Arbitration has not produced the heart-burnings which were apprehended, but will lead to an amicable settlement like a friendly suit in a court of law." This portion of the Premier's remarks was listened to with the deepest attention, and was received with cheers.

LONDON, July 26.—The debate in the House of Commons on the case of Justice Keogh, involving the home rule question, which was to have been brought up to-night on the motion of Isaac Poutt, member for Limerick, has been postponed.

The rumors that a difficulty has arisen in the Geneva Court of Arbitration, are positively contradicted.

LONDON, July 27.—Christine Nilsson was married in Westminster Abbey to-day to M. Rouneaud. The nuptials were witnessed by an immense assemblage, including many of the aristocracy and a number of well-known artists. Among the persons present were Baron Brunnow, Russian Minister; Hon. R. C. Schenck, American Minister; Lady Peer and Madame Titiens. Count de Steenbock, secretary of the Swedish legation, gave away the bride. The marriage ceremony was performed by Dean Stanley. The bridegroom is reported to be very wealthy. At the conclusion of the festivities the newly married coup e will set off on their wedding tour.

LONDON, July 28.—The presents received by Nilsson on her marriage amount to £12,000. The Princess of Wales sent a diamond bracelet to her.

Markets.—Cotton steady, closing quiet—sales of the week, 49,000 bales. Breadstuffs dull. Bonds remain about the same, the fluctuations being trifling. Closing rates on Tuesday, were:—Consols 92¾; U. S. 5-20s, 1862, coupon, 91½; do. 1865, old, 92¾; do. 1867, 91¾; U. S. 10 40s, coupon, 89¼.

France.

PARIS, July 24.—Three of the Communists convicted by court martial of taking part in the slaughter of 47 hostages in Rue Saxo and sentenced to suffer death, will be shot at Satory to-morrow morning. The death sentences of three others have been commuted to imprisonment to hard labor for life.

The coal miners in the Departments of Nord and Pas de Calais are on a strike. At Denacian and Douai disturbances are reported, and a detachment of infantry has been sent to the mines near the latter place.

PARIS, July 25.—The striking coal miners at Tendin made an attack to-day upon a detachment of troops, and the latter were compelled to fire upon the assailants, killing one and wounding several. Forty of the attacking miners were arrested.

Disturbances were also occasioned last night by strikers in the city of Anzin, in the Department of the Nord. They were, however, easily suppressed by the troops without casualties. Reinforcements of troops have arrived in the Department from Paris with tents and provisions, as if for a lengthy stay. President Thiers has written to the Prefects of the Departments, as well as the commanding generals, instructing them to use the utmost endeavors to maintain order.

The disturbances at Anzin were, nevertheless, renewed this morning, and the troops were pelted with stones by the rioters and were forced to use their muskets, killing one of the strikers. Otherwise the Department of the Nord as well as the entire Department of the Somme are undisturbed, and the men have made no demands upon their employers. The troubles in the coal mining districts are believed to be by members of the International Society of Belgium.

The Government authorities have seized a quantity of arms near the Spanish frontier.

The Duke de Guise, only child of the Duke d' Aumale, died to-day of scarlet fever. His age was 18 years.

PARIS, July 26.—President Thiers has sent a dispatch to the Prefects of the northern departments, where the miners are on a strike, praising those officials for the energetic measures they have taken to prevent disorder and excesses. He tells them that they can have 100,000 men if necessary, to repress the disturbances, especially where they are produced by foreign instigators. It is reported that an International agent from Chicago is among the fomenters of the disorder, and that he seeks to induce the miners to emigrate to America. The cavalry pursued and dispersed a large body of the rioters near Denain, taking 100 prisoners. Strong military cordons are drawn around the disaffected districts and the aspect of affairs is improving.

Mr. Stanley, correspondent of the New York *Herald*, has arrived here. He dines to-morrow with the American Minister.

VERSAILLES, July 26.—The Assembly this afternoon passed the entire Tariff bill by 265 yeas to 34 nays.

PARIS, July 27.—There is a report in circulation that the Duc d' Aumale intends resigning his seat in the Assembly.

PARIS, July 28.—The French Government contemplates the resumption of diplomatic relations with Mexico, the death of Juarez having removed the only obstacle thereto.

PARIS, July 29.—The total subscriptions to the new French loan amount to four thousand millions of francs, while but three thousand millions were called for. Of this amount five hundred millions of francs were subscribed by German capitalists in Berlin.

The magnificent railway station at Metz has been destroyed by fire. This is the fourth large fire in that city within twelve months.

General Sherman left to-day for London.

Spain.

MADRID, July 25.—King Amadeus arrived at Santander to-day, and was enthusiastically received. The town was gaily decorated and the streets were filled with immense crowds. The King goes to Ferrol, Coruna, Bilboa, San Sebastian, Pampeluna and Zorrila, and then returns to Madrid.

PARIS, July 26.—The *Memorial Diplomatique* publishes a rumor that General Sickles, Minister of the United States at Madrid, has withdrawn his resignation, the differences between him and Sagasta having been settled through the intervention of Zorilla, and that the Spanish Cabinet undertakes to carry into effect the liberal measures promised long ago in favor of the colored race in Cuba.

MADRID, July 27.—An official report to the Department of War announces the total defeat of Castillo's band of Carlists, numbering 1000 men, which has maintained its organization in the north of Spain. Thirteen Carlists were killed and 45 captured, 10 of whom were wounded. The defeated insurgents carried 50 wounded with them. The defeat of another band of insurgents is reported, with a loss of three men killed and many wounded.

MADRID, July 29.—The statement that the Government intends selling the property which it has seized belonging to persons engaged to the Cuban insurrection is denied.

Accounts have been received at the Department of War of the defeat of another band of Carlist insurgents, with a loss of eight killed and thirty wounded.

Switzerland.

GENEVA, July 29.—The Board of Arbitration met this afternoon at one o'clock, and, after a session of three hours and a half adjourned. No communication was made to representatives of the press relative to the proceedings, but it is believed that the case of the Florida was under discussion.

The Swiss *Times* to-day says that it is in a position to confirm the report current that the Tribunal of Arbitration has decided in favor of America in the case of the privateer Florida, on the ground that the British Government did not use sufficient precaution to prevent the departure of that vessel from Birkenhead. The *Times* also says that the Board to-day took up the case of the Alabama.

The Swiss *Times*, in giving further particulars of the proceedings of the Board of Arbitration, says that the British Government claims of the American Government arising out of the depredations of the Boston, Jeff Davis, Music and several other smaller rebel cruisers. The reasons leading to the abandonment of the charges of negligence on the part of the British Government, so far as these vessels are concerned, have not been proved.

BRUSSELS, July 29.—The *Independence Belge* states that the awards of the Geneva tribunal, in the cases of the privateers Florida and Alabama, will together amount to £1,500,000 sterling.

LONDON, July 24.—Reliable information is received that the Geneva Board of Arbitration will not be able to close its labors within a shorter period than three or four months. The tribunal is still engaged in the discussion of England's liability to the United States for damages arising from the acts of Confederate cruisers. The English agent pleads that Her Majesty's Government did everything possible within the limits of the laws and constitution to prevent privateers leaving Great Britain. The debates were animated but serious, and continuously to the point at issue. The board holds no session to-day.

GENEVA, July 25.—The Alabama Tribunal reassembled at half-past 12 this afternoon, and after a session of four hours adjourned to Monday. Rigid secrecy relative to the proceedings was strictly maintained. Nothing of importance was ascertained.

GENEVA, July 26.—Don Carlos has arrived in Lausanne.

GENEVA, July 27.—The recent interruption of the sittings of the Board of Arbitration occurred because of the necessary re-examination of the English law on the questions regarding the construction of privateering vessels in British ports, and also of the investigation as to whether the British Admiralty used sufficient diligence in preventing those vessels from going to sea. Of four cases advanced, England repudiates three, and in the fourth she contends that the Admiralty acted promptly, although the police hesitated to take steps to prevent their departure.

The Court is also considering the question of allowing interest on the amount awarded. It is stated that a majority of the Board are unfavorable to such allowance. It is regarded as probable that, after a careful investigation of each case, the tribunal will fix the amount of indemnity to be paid by England as a gross sum. Charles Francis Adams preserves a firm attitude in maintaining the claims of the United States. The conciliatory disposition universally manifested by the American representatives commands much admiration, as also their assiduous labor in behalf of their cause.

Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 24.—Accounts from various portions of Russia shows that the cholera is abating throughout the empire, and considerable decrease in the mortality is being reported. The deaths from this cause here the past week were 126, in Moscow 32, and Odessa 84.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 25.—The *Journal de St. Petersburg* to-day publishes an Imperial decree, dismissing from the Diplomatic Service of the Empire M. de Catacazy. The *Journal* states that the publication by Catacazy of his pamphlet in relation to Mr. Ambruglio with Secretary Fish, was entirely without the knowledge and against the will of the Government.

Germany.

FRANKFORT, July 29.—An omnibus filled with passengers, while crossing the railroad track in Rustrin, a town 17 miles from here, was run into by the mail train and dashed to pieces. Eight passengers were killed outright, and of the others in the omnibus none escaped injury. No one on the train was hurt.

BERLIN, July 29.—The Czar will leave St. Petersburg toward the close of August, on a visit to the Emperor of Germany. He is expected to arrive in Berlin on the 6th of September.

Italy.

ROME, July 29.—The Pope will shortly issue an encyclical letter declaring the Society of American Catholics separated from the Church of Rome, and place them under the ban of major excommunication. The Pope has recognized the Archbishop of Baltimore and the Bishop of Richmond.

HAYTI AND SAN DOMINGO.

NEW YORK, July 28.—Late advices from Hayti state that the Haytien loan has been arranged. Messrs. White, Hartman & Co. are to advance $1,200,000 for the purpose of buying in the paper currency at $3 00 to $1 00, gold or silver. The government is to pay then 13 per cent. for twelve years, and at the end of that period, by the payment of this interest regularly, the debt is to be considered settled and wiped out.

PORT AU PRINCE, July 10, via Havana, July 22.—Baez feels completely secure, and it is reported that despite the past defeat of Cabral, by the navy, the United States. A court martial at Cibao has sentenced eleven rebels to be executed.

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25.—Mrs. McKinney, a young woman who shot Wm. Cummings dead at Petaluma for slandering her, has been admitted to bail in $20,000.

The Caruths suit, involving the title to a large portion of Portland, Oregon, was decided in favor of the plaintiff.

Letters from Camp McDowell, Arizona, state that delegates from Tonto, Pinal and Coyote Apaches and Apache Mojaves Indians came into the post professing peace, but as they represented only a portion of the tribe, numbering over 1000 warriors, they were evidently impelled by the movements of the troops under Gen. Crook. They were informed that they must all come in and surrender their arms and agree to remain on the reservation. They were also informed that they could not expect to regain the dodge of raising the white flag, retaining arms and drawing rations and then return to the war path when the pursuit of troops had ceased.

Work on the Guaymas and Tucson Railroad will be commenced as soon as United States Consul Willard returns from the City of Mexico with the President's signature to the concession.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 28.—Charles F. Deane, editor of the Los Angelos *News*, is reported dying. It is supposed he committed suicide by poisoning.

The steamer Colorado arrived this morning from Hong Kong June 27th, Yokohama July 7, with a full cargo of teas and passengers.

The Colorado brings the following news from Japan: The Mikado left Jeddo on the 28th ult., accompanied by eight war steamers, intending to visit Kloto and other portions of the Southern country and return in forty days. This is the first time in Japanese history that the Mikado has embarked on such an excursion, and much good is expected from it. The Tunisian steamer Sadikar being unable to pay her debts, the Japanese Government has ordered her to be sold, the captain protesting. Telegraphic communication between Yeddo, Nagasaki and the outside world is to be completed within five weeks. The Japanese mint has been closed for extensive additions. The Government has decided upon the promulgation of a new form of religion, upon careful consultation with the most noted exponents of each sect, and all will be compelled to conform thereto. The new religion will be enlightened, simple and adapted to common sense, and is likely to meet the approval of all classes. Tea eagerly taken at advanced rates. The quality is superior to last season. Pacific Mail steamers are unable to meet the requirements of shippers. Three sailing vessels are under charter for San Francisco. Three hundred and fifty bales of new silk have been settled, which showed a marked difference in quality from the last shipments. There is business enough offering from Yokohama alone to supply cargoes for four steamers per month for the summer season.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 29.—Thomas Carroll of San Jose, while riding near that city on Saturday night, saw two men whom he supposed to be highwaymen. He shot one dead and made the other prisoner. Investigation shows the victim to be Henri Pattel, an inoffensive French florist, who, with a companion in the same business, was going into the mountains near New Almaden to gather flowers. Carroll has been committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

Advices from Japan say that the Mikado avoided the difficulty about the presentation of foreign ministers by consenting to both parties standing at the reception, which satisfies the English minister. The first party so presented was Admiral Jenkins of the United States Navy.

Disaffection and threatened revolt is reported among the Chinese troops at Soochow.

FROM MEXICO.

Death of President Juarez.

MATAMORAS, July 24.—Rocha telegraphed from Monterey this afternoon that President Juarez died on the night of the 18th inst., from an attack of apoplexy, which seized him at 5 o'clock P. M. of that day, and directed that the flags of the Government be placed at half-mast.

The news was received by all classes with astonishment, and was not credited until confirmed by a second dispatch from Rocha. The Presidency of the Republic will devolve on Lerdo De Tejada, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and until recently Secretary of Foreign Affairs in Juarez's Cabinet, but latterly in opposition to the Government and regarded as sympathizing with the revolutionists, although he remained in the city of Mexico and took no active part with the insurgents. Tejada will act as President until Congress shall order an election to fill the vacancy.

New York, July 25.—A special Matamoras dispatch says that it is rumored that Rocha has been defeated at Salmas, six leagues from Monterey. Martinez is reported to have occupied San Luis Potosi the 14th inst. without resistance. The State of Guadalajara has pronounced against Governor Koreno, who was driven out by the people. The state of siege was raised at Matamoras yesterday, and the National Guards disbanded. Four Americans who left yesterday in a private conveyance to Monterey, were robbed within ten leagues of the city.

MATAMORAS, July 26.—(New York *Herald's* special.) All the public buildings are draped in mourning, the flags at half mast, and places of business closed; minute guns were fired and all possible marks of respect are being shown for the death of Juarez.

Banished revolutionists are returning to Mexico. Telegraphic communication will be opened to the city of Mexico in a few days. Rocha and the revolutionist chiefs are to hold a conference on the 28th at Monterey. The revolution is virtually ended.

NEW YORK, July 29.—A Matamoras special says that official communication was received here today from Minister-of-War Mejia, confirming the death of Juarez on the 18th inst., of heart disease. Lerdo de Tejada was immediately inaugurated.

Miscellaneous Items.

☞ Illinois is looking for the biggest corn crop she ever raised.

☞ The Pittsfield *Eagle* reports the crops in Berkshire county as most promising, and anticipates a bountiful harvest.

☞ The hay crop along the lake shore in Addison county, Vt., is very abundant, affording a larger yield than for years before.

☞ A colored man in North Carolina pulled a mule's tail to show his docility. His funeral sermon was an hour and a half long.

☞ In Wentworth, N. H., Miles Aiken had sone twenty sheep and lambs killed by lightning a few days since.

☞ Mrs. Downs, who was tried in Hartford, Conn., on the charge of firing the Sigourney House in that city, has been acquitted.

☞ Mr. Adna White of Pawlet, Vt., was killed by lightning on Thursday, 25th. His age was 77 years.

☞ Nearly $5000 will be offered in premiums at the Vermont State fair at St. Johnsbury in September.

☞ There is a prospect that we shall all be able to keep warm next winter. It is estimated that two and a half million stoves will be manufactured in this country this year.

☞ Governor Jewell, of Hartford, Conn., on the 25th, vetoed the resolution releasing Mrs. Harper from State Prison. The Senate failed to pass the resolution over the veto.

☞ The St. Albans butter market was dull on the 23d, with the following prices: common to fair grades, 15 to 18c.; medium to good, 20 to 23c.; choice, 24 to 25c.; selections, 26c.

☞ A boy and girl, children of a fisherman named Lestor, were on Niagara river in a boat, on the 26th, and the high winds drove the boat into the rapids and both the children were carried over the falls.

☞ Hon. Harmon Canfield of Arlington, Vt., has declined the appointment as one of the committee to investigate the matter of changing the site of the State Prison, and Henry Lane of Cornwall has been appointed.

☞ Mr. E. W. Bliss of Hartford, Conn., has brought a suit against the New York and New Haven Railroad for $20,000 damages, for being, as he alleges, wrongfully put off the train at Norwalk last winter.

☞ The Yarmouth *Register* says the catch of mackerel, by vessels from Provincetown, is so far this season unprecedentedly small. The few fares thus far brought in have been mostly taken by seines.

☞ Hyannis is coming into popularity as a summer resort. A party of a hundred gentlemen and ladies made a trip there last week, for the purpose of selecting building sites on that pleasant coast, and were delighted with the fine view and excellent bathing facilities.

☞ The oak chair used during the recent Commencement exercises at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., was brought from England, probably in 1635, when Daniel and Thomas Dennis family, of Ipswich, Essex county, of this State, came over.

☞ More men are to be set to work on the famous Stevens' battery at Hoboken, N. J., which has a first-class capacity for absorbing money, and must have more terrors for those who are responsible for its completion than it ever will have for an enemy.

☞ A resident of Salem was awakened the other day by a choking sensation, and discovered that he had accidentally swallowed his false teeth. They lodged so firmly in his throat that all efforts to dislodge them proved unavailing, and the plate was cut, giving relief to the unfortunate man.

☞ Wednesday, 24th, the large tow-boat Alice Brown, which descended the Falls at Louisville, Kentucky, struck on the rocks and swung around, sinking in five and a half feet of water. The boat is owned by W. H. Brown of Pittsfield, Pa., and valued at $63,000. Uninsured. She can be raised.

☞ The degree to which the ruthless and causeless slaughter of the bison on the western plains is carried, is indicated by the fact that in the single month of May there were killed 25,000 bisons south of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, for the sake of their hides alone, which are worth but two dollars each.

☞ According to the Corinne (Utah), *Reporter*, a gentleman picked up a piece of ore, of sixty pounds weight, in one of the streets of that place, and on looking about found that he had struck a rich silver deposit. He put down a discovery stake without delay, and the affair made considerable excitement.

☞ A terrible storm, accompanied with torrents of rain, passed over Van Wert, Ohio, on the 25th, carrying along in its pathway buildings, chimneys and fences. A house owned by J. L. Rumsey, near town, was completely demolished, his wife and young boy instantly killed, and other inmates seriously injured. The destruction of property was very great.

☞ The following is an official statement of the deposits and coinage at the branch mint at San Francisco during the fiscal year 1871–2: Gold deposits, value $25,351,270.74; silver deposits and purchases, value $1,039,822.34; total deposits, $26,391,073.17. Gold coinage, $17,790,000; silver coinage, $955,500; total, $18,745,500; imported bars, $7,736,580.26; total value, $26,482,080.26.

☞ Heavy rains prevailed throughout the entire North

Poetry.

SKIPPER BEN.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Sailing away!
Losing the breath of the shores in May,
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea-slope vast and gray!
And the skipp-r's eyes with a mist are blind;
For a violet comes on the rising wind,
Of a gentle face that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fog bank dim,
Thinking of him.

Far into night
He watches the gleam of the lessening light
Fixed on the dangerous island height,
That bars the harbor he loves from sight,
And he wishe-, at dawn, he could tell th- tale
Of how they h d wo thered the s-uthw st gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale
With a wakeful night 'mong the spectres grim,
Terrors nor him.

Yo-heave yo!
Here's the Bank where the fishermen go,
Over the schooner's sides they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below;
And skipper Ben in the water sees,
When the ripples curl to the light land breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple trees;
And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,
And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour
"Steady! we'll ease by the Cape Ann shore,
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more!"
And each man worked with the will of ten,
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
Scowling on him.

Into his brain
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple, and cry, that strain,
Pierced the memory, cruel and vain!
Never again shall he walk in case,
Under his blossoming apple trees,
That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze,
While the soft eyes float where the sea gulls skim,
Gazing with him.

How they went down
Never was known in the still old town,
Nobody guesses how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night,—
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the heaven-light
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells,
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
Hie was the anguish a moment tells,—
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells,
But the wearing wash of a life-long woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him.

A Selected Story.

From Lippincott's Magazine for August.

ONE VERSUS TWO.

One dismal evening in gentle Spring—improperly so called by mendacious poets—I sat disconsolately in my room reviewing the Winter campaign; the wind shrieked around the gable and dashed sheets of rain against the windows, while down below in the street, patches of damp sno , mingled with mud, inspired pedestrians with a savage wish that all the impostors who sing about "beautiful snow" might be summoned in a body to clean the streets. It certainly was what might be called a "nasty night"—an expressive phrase which I should not dare to use if I had not recently seen it in several English novels purporting to describe the innermost circles of Britannic aristocracy, sublime in lofty exclusiveness.

A bright fire glowed in the grate, and a box stood near heaped with shining lumps of condensed warmth, for our city stood on the borders of the coal country, where the farmers' wives, when they wanted fuel, turned up the turf anywhere around the house and filled their buckets gratis, with an easy contempt for wood-piles and the laborious saw. After skimming a newspaper, playing an opera air and writing half a page of a letter, I finally lit a cigar and seated myself in an easy-chair to indulge in the dreamy delights of visions in the coals. Gradually out of the glowing depths rose a bold outline, shaping itself slowly into a rocky island surrounded by a Summer sea: a little village stood on the beach, with a slender white spire rising above, while the dark pines stretched up and away over the cliffs, and the heights were crowned by a gray stone fort with the Stars and Stripes waving against the blue sky. Then a magical vista opened through the woods and under the shadow of the Sugar Loaf. In the avenue of spruces appeared two forms, a fair young girl and myself, John Free by name. "Bertha," I murmured, as the landscape vanished, and left only the one face outlined in the coals —a childlike face with blue eyes, brown curls and gentle wistful smile. As the features faded other visions arose—visions of lingering walks under the pines, of long conversations on the balcony and romantic sailing parties over the moonlit water; the quaint parlor in the fort, with the old chaplain, Bertha's father, where she sang, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls;" and the white handkerchief waving from her window as the steamer carried me away. Just at this stage of the vision the door opened and Warren Brenton came in, divesting himself of his overcoat and dismally chanting an atrocious parody inverted on the stairs for my benefit:

"In the Spring a bitter east wind freezes up the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing dies of cold upon its nest;
In the Spring a muddy moisture drips from the bedraggled dove;
In the Spring a shaking ague turns a man from thoughts of love."

"You wretch!" I exclaimed, "you have frightened away my visions."

"Where were they?" said Brenton, lighting a cigar and taking a companion armchair by the fireside.

"In the coals," I replied, and, full of the genial recollections, I was almost tempted to disclose my thoughts, when he began talking of city politics and the mood passed.

Warren was my best friend; our law-offices were in the same building; we frequented the same houses; and when, by chance, we happened to be on opposite sides of a case, we enjoyed pelting each other with terrific epithets and rolling adjectives, at the same time frowning with all the ferocity we possessed. My income depended on my industry, but Brenton enjoyed a comfortable fortune. Together we attended parties, together we spent our evenings, and together we had passed a month at Fairy Island the preceding Summer, Brenton having outstayed me by several weeks, till called imexorably back, as I was, by the necessities of the daily grinding legal wheel.

After a desultory conversation upon the topics of the day, Warren began rall ing me upon my devotion to Miss Kate Vanderheyden, the lovely'brunette. "Seriously, though, John,' he said finally, with his eyes fixed upon the smoke-rings above him, "in spite of the prosy paternal relative, she is a charming girl."

"So so," I replied with fastidious indifference.

"Why, old cormorant, what more do you want? Is she not lovely, amiable and rich, and smileth she not most sweetly upon thee?"

"There's Allen in the way," I suggested.

"Oh, he is entirely *augespielt*: he wrote her a letter alluding to her 'angle' form and 'starey' eyes. Poor fellow! he knew no spell but hers. No, my friend, the field is clear before you: go in and win."

"The truth is, Warren, I think she does fancy me," said I, with an air of candid acknowledgment.

"Of course she does; in maiden meditation fancies free. And now, may I ask if the day is fixed?"

"Nor yet, but perhaps it soon will be."

"I am not mad, but soon shall be," sang Brenton, ending in a prolonged quaver just half a tone flat. At the close of this musical quotation I mildly questioned him in turn concerning a certain cousin Dora with whom he kept up a domestic flirtation under cover of respect of an aged aunt.

"Dora is a dear girl," he replied sentimentally, "and I should marry her to-morrow were it not for sundry qualms of conscience."

"Regarding cousinship?" I asked.

"Oh, no. She is three degrees removed. But there is another little girl to whom I consider myself half promised, and I am afraid she would cry her eyes out if she had to give me up."

"Does she live here, old Mormon?" said I, lighting a fresh cigar.

"No; but the truth is, I flirted with her desperately for eight weeks, and all but committed myself. Whenever I think of her pretty face, I have not the courage to break her heart, poor little thing."

"Who is it, Bluebeard?"

"Why, who should it be but Bertha Macpherson, of course? You remember her?"

"Remember her!" I stammered idiotically, staring at my broken coal visions with a cold perspiration trickling down my back.

"Yes, the old chaplain's daughter, you know? The reverend, Bertha and that long-legged Duncan lived in the rooms above the chapel overlooking the lake. Well, I have been engaged to cousin Dora for years, but last Spring we had a quarrel, and just to revenge myself I began flirting with the lassie up on the island. Dora heard of it, and it soon brought her round; we are all right now but as I am not unprincipled like some of you fellows, I positively cannot bear to break the little Macpherson girl's heart."

"Do you mean to say, Warren Brenton, that Bertha Macpherson loves you?"

"Of course she does; that is the very point of the difficulty."

"Did she ever acknowledge it?"

"Perhaps not in words; but what do you care about it?"

"What reasons have you for your assertions, Sir?" I asked with concentrated composure.

"I don't know that I am obliged to give them to you; but it was evident enough that the child was wrapped up in me."

"I think, Mr. Brenton, you are mistaken in the lady," I remarked loftily.

"Nothing of the kind, Sir."

"Her affections are bestowed in another quarter, and I have her letters to prove it."

"Her letters?" exclaimed Brenton with flashing eyes.

"Yes," I answered triumphantly, at the same time taking two letters from my pocket and brandishing them in his face.

"What is in them?" said my rival, furiously.

"Never mind," I answered meaningly, hastily replacing the innocent documents in my note-book, with the inward consciousness that their barren friendliness would but poorly prove my assertions; "enough that she writes to me, not to you. And allow me to request you not to make use of her name so freely."

"I shall make as much use of her name as I please; and she would marry me to-morrow if I asked her," exclaimed Brenton furiously.

"I beg leave to differ; Miss Macpherson is my property."

"It's false!" shouted my fiery companion.

"I shall marry her this Summer," I continued with bold audacity.

"I'll be hanged if you do," said Brenton, knocking over his chair and slamming the door after him as he rushed from the room. In an instant his head reappeared. "And Kate Vanderheyden?" he called out jeeringly. I made a spring after him and ran out on the landing: he was half way down stairs and, flinging a law-book down to attract his attention, I leaned over and shouted "And Cousin Dora?" at the top of my voice. He shook his fist at me and disappeared on the street, while I, after going down to pick up the legal spoke of the daily grinding-wheel, returned to my room, feeling the depressing reaction of a hot excitement.

The fire had burned low, and a smouldering black heap was all that remained of my glowing visions. I threw on fresh coal and seated myself to tempt back the rosy reveries, but all in vain. When at last the blaze sprang up, it was altogether too sparkling for meditation; the crackling flame and brisk gas-jets refused to take the outlines of Fairy Island, and Bertha's face no longer smiled behind the black bars.

My feelings, too, had changed: indolent self-satisfaction was replaced by angry disappointment, and true to my training, I began rapidly scrutinizing the events of the preceding Summer, weighing Bertha's careless words, judging sternly her graceful ways, and using all my legal acumen to prove her guilty of high crime and misdemeanor. But, in spite of special pleading, I accomplished nothing beyond a renewed fondness for the lovely accused, and a firm determination not to believe Brenton's conceited avowals, particularly as he was noted for fancying himself a mighty Nimrod among the fair, slaying whole ranks with one of his idiotic smiles. Dear little Bertha! The more I thought of her, the more I swore she should not be sacrificed. To be sure, she was not exactly eligible as a wife in comparison, for instance, with Kate Vanderheyden, but I certainly should not allow myself to be supplanted by Warren Brenton; and full of chivalrous resolution, I took out the two letters for additional inspiration. "She is too ladylike to express her feelings before I take the initiative," I murmured as I scanned the friendly lines relating principally to some books I had sent, "but evidently there is a deep hidden meaning in these words. No doubt the simple-heart-d child encouraged Brenton for the especial purpose of talking about me, and the great jackanapes took it all to himself. It must be dismal enough at Fairy Island now: I suppose the little girl sits by the window and looks mournfully over the ice all day long, sighing for June, the fifteenth of June, when I promised to be there."

This melancholy picture moved me to a sudden resolution: I would slip away quietly by the first boat up, warn her against Brenton's perfidious failings, stay a few days to cheer her up, and perhaps—but there was no hurry about the rest; she would be satisfied with her little drop of comfort, and Brenton, I thought with a glow of virtuous indignation—Brenton shall be unmarked. This generous determination soothed my wrath, and as the fire had burned down to glowing coals again, I saw new visions in their depths: Bertha roused from her depression, Bertha beaming with joy to see me, and betraying in her artless face the secret of her heart.

The next morning a cold rain drizzled from the gray sky and somewhat dampened my ardor; still, I persevered so far as to visit the office of the transportation company to inquire when the first boat would leave for the North, and was informed by a dismal boy on a three-legged stool, reading a dime novel, that "the ice was ten feet thick yet." Evidently, nothing could be done for the present, and to pass away the time I devoted myself with renewed industry to my profession, withdrawing from all scenes of gayety like a knight-errant vowed to a holy cause. Brenton did not appear again neither did I meet him on the street; we avoided each other carefully. I had still coal with which to keep it warm. Finally, after two weeks of this vegetative existence, I felt it my duty to call on Miss Vanderheyden; it was time she should understand my indifference, lest I should make her miserable as well as poor Bertha, and therefore I really ought to go. Very charming she was, very lovely she looked, and I was enjoying myself in a melancholy manner when who should come in but Warren Brenton! Of course we were both too well bred to show our animosity, and Miss Kate had no suspicion of the truth as we all chatted gayly upon the airy nothings of society and laughed with inimitable ease. I confess to a few tremors as I thought of my last interview with Brenton; what if he should allude to Bertha before Miss Vanderheyden? A cold chill crept over me; it would be so cruel to expose the poor little girl's feelings, you know.

Toward the close of the evening, Brenton spoke of the approaching Summer and his plans. "If you are to be at Sharon, Miss Vanderheyden," said the coxcomb, "I should certainly go there myself, were it not for a pressing engagement in another quarter. I have just received a letter from a friend, inviting me for June, and once there, heaven knows how long I shall stay."

"It must be a lady, then," said Miss Kate gayly.

Brenton smiled and drew from his pocket a letter. "Let me see, it is the fifteenth, I believe," he drawled, with pretended forgetfulness, scanning the page. Intentionally or not, the envelope dropped at my feet, and stooping to pick it up, I recognized the delicate, unformed handwriting of Bertha Macpherson.

The two talked on, but I heard not what they said; my brain whirled, phantasms of anger and revenge danced before my eyes, and I sat in my chair like a lunatic in a strait-jacket. At length the perfidious wretch rose to take his leave, all smiles and courtesy: and when he was safely out of the house I murmured an incoherent farewell, and rushed into the street. Late as it was, I hurried to the domains of the dismal boy, this time all bustle and confusion; the harbor was reported clear, the first boat of the season was to leave within forty-eight hours, and a schooner was on the point of starting for Chicago, the advance-guard of the lower lake fleet. Seizing a pen, I indited a few hasty lines to Bertha, incoherent and vague enough, save the one fact that I should follow the letter in person by the next steamer. As I hurriedly sealed the missive, I pleased myself with the thought of the joy it would bring to that lonely island, and the happiness it would diffuse over that gentle heart. Bribing the Captain of the schooner to deliver the letter, I engaged my passage by the steamer, and returned to my room triumphant.

It was evident that after our quarrel Brenton had written her a beseeching letter, fair to the face but false at heart, and the unsophisticated girl, deceived by his apparent sincerity and pitying his distress, had asked him to come in June. That she had selected the fifteenth might be accounted for by two reasons: my presence at that time would preserve her from an open declaration on his part, and perhaps, also, innocent as she was, she was woman enough to try the effect of the stimulant of jealousy upon my somewhat tardy devotion. Having thus explained satisfactorily the phenomenon of the latter, I sank to sleep, lulled by rosy dreams.

During the next day I made my preparations as quietly as possible, and posting a notice on the office door to the effect that I was called away by important business, at the appointed time I took my valise and started for the pier. It was a bright cold day, with a high west wind, and as I passed through the Park, I saw Brenton, with his cousin Dora on his arm, on the opposite side of the monument. With a comfortable enjoyment in the brilliant strategical movement with which I was about to out-flank my unsuspecting enemy, I could not resist the temptation to fire a farewell shot. Crossing the street as Dora entered a store, I came up behind her companion, loitering outside, and putting my face close to his ear, "And Cousin Dora?" I murmured suddenly in a jeering voice. He grasped at my arm, but I broke away, and hastening onward toward the river I laughed exultingly at his discomfiture. The Comet lay at the dock with hissing steam and ringing bells, and in fifteen minutes she backed slowly out into the lake, turning her sharp bows toward the north, where Fairy Island lay hidden in the Straits, five hundred miles away.

As long as the spires of the city remained in view I amused myself watching them, and imagining the rage of my quondam friend could my plans be suddenly revealed to him; in my pocket were words; but what do you fancy I had my revenge in deeds. Bribing the Captain of the schooner to deliver the letter, I engaged my passage by the steamer, and returned to my room triumphant.

As we left the harbor the sharp wind gradually nipped romantic thoughts, and wrapped in a heavy overcoat I began pacing the decks in the vain hope of restoring the chilled circulation. Lake Erie stretched away to the northward, sullen and dark, the short surly waves chopping the dull expanse in irate irregularity; between the piers in slimy smoothness the muddy current of the Cuyahoga rolled along, bringing down the refuse of six miles of bordering oil-refineries on its odoriferous tide, and preserving its turbid identity far out into the harbor. The west wind had driven the ice-floe down the lake toward Buffalo, and its retreating masses gleamed in the distance with Arctic clearness; now and then a jagged pile thrown up by the waves, block upon block, catching an occasional sunbeam upon its summit, glittered like an iceburg with polar splendor. Along shore, naked forests clothed the low monotonous banks, and the occasional farm-houses stood disconsolately among their barren fields as the steamer plowed along looking like the abode of Giant Despair. Then came the vine-islands, covered with naked trellises and deserted Summer hotels, blank and staring white. One shivering wine merchant came down to the dock and gazed misanthropically at the casks which the Comet disgorged for his benefit, but his sharp blue nose told not of the merry juice, proverbially rosy, and his glance alone was enough to sour the boldest grape. On a rocky islet, fortified Gibraltar reared its walls against the sky, and threatened the passing vessels with the awful power of the great Philadelphia banker, while just beyond opened the celebrated bay where Commodore Perry, generally represented in white satin breeches and pink velvet coat, remarked in a conversational tone to a midshipman in white kids, "Don't give up the ship."

At dawn the steamer entered the Detroit River, brimming full between its low banks, and sweeping swiftly onward with the surplus strength of three mighty lakes. On the American side white villages gleamed in the rising sun, and the cloudy puffs of numerous sawmills rose in the air; but the Canadian shore showed only a few thatched cottages among the neglected fields, with now and then an ancient crossed-topped church, built for the vanished Indians and falling into decay. Passing the city, busy activity bustled along the docks; fleets of lake craft, with their peculiar graceful rigging, were noisy with the sound of hammers; and here and there some adventurous vessel, bringing grain from the prairies, lay resting after its perilous voyage, with the huge trunk of an elevator sucking up the golden cargo. Entering the mysterious mazes of the Flats, margined with porous crumbling ice-fringes, the steamer glided past solitary beacons standing alone in the midst of the water: sometimes a listless face looked out from the narrow window, stamped with the inert ennui of a forced seclusion, but generally the little arks showed no signs of life, desolately riding at anchor in the dreary scene. Just at dusk, dark Lake Huron opened threateningly before the advancing boat and tossed its long rolling waves high in the air, as if to bar the northern passage. The few passengers huddled together in the cheerless cabin; the crew, wrapped in heavy clothing, went about barricading and tightening every possible opening; the fierce wind came up and the dark night came down as the steamer ploughed heavily onward, out of sight of land, across the stormy lake. All through this miserable night I sat coiled up on a hard sofa, cold and benumbed. The boat rocked and pitched to such an extent that no fire was allowed in the cabin; one dismal light swung from the ceiling, and three shivering children wailed hopelessly around their mother, overpowered by sea-sickness. Driven to desperation, I ventured out on deck, but the driving wind nearly blew me overboard; creeping around on the lee side and clinging to the railing, I gazed down upon the angry waters and out over the dark space beyond. On the forward deck the Captain and mate, muffled to the eyes in the bitter cold, kept a sharp watch ahead, and in the wheelhouse three men labored silently as the loaded boat careened fearfully in the storm and plunged heavily through the raging sea. Hours after hour passed, and it seemed as though we must have had been rolled into one; then the little group in the cabin was startled by a loud cry and sounds of hurrying feet across the hurricane deck. At that moment we were off Thunder Bay, with a heavy rain-storm upon us, and looking through the mist I could just distinguish the looming outline of a three-masted bark driving before the wind dead across our bow. The bell sounded furiously, the engine stopped, and with all hands at the wheel we rolled helplessly in the trough of the sea, barely escaping the horrors of a collision.

Gradually the rain changed into sleet, the sleet into snow, and as the cold dawn glimmered in the east, the decks were covered with ice and the mercury was down to Winter temperature. Fortunately, the sea calmed down, the fires were lighted again in the cabin, and as we gathered around the stove I began to think of great dogs, tram-oil, Esquimaux and private theatricals—a strange medley inseparably connected in my mind with Arctic Winters at the North Pole. Colder and colder grew the weather, until, as we approached the point of Bois-Blanc and entered the Straits, we were startled by the unwelcome gleam of an ice-field in the distance, stretching from north and south in an apparently unbroken mass. Pushing on with redoubled speed, we soon found ourselves in the midst of floating blocks of ice, growing more and more numerous until they rubbed against the steamer's sides and closed again behind the stern with a dull thud. At length we struck the main floe, and the porous ice crumbled before the sharp bows as the boat forced her way along, grinding and crushing the snow-covered masses, and occasionally coming full against a solid block with a force which shook every timber in her strong hull. The wind still blew from the west, forcing the moving ice down upon us, and all day the steamer worked steadily to clear the pack before nightfall; but twilight came on and we were still wedged in, although a strip of open water in the distance and Fairy Island rising beyond gave me a hope that my share, at least, in this Arctic journey would soon be ended.

During the night the engines were stopped, and all hands took a good sleep to make up for the fatigues of the preceding night. Early in the morning I went out upon deck and looked toward the northern shore buried in snow; coming round to the other side, what was my astonishment to see a small propeller, working her engine slowly in the ice, about eighty feet south of us. The Captain of our patrician side-wheeler pronounced the plebeian craft to be a boat of the Union line which probably left C—— a few hours after the Comet, and being as snugly built and tight as a cask, rode out the storm securely, and overhauled the larger boat during the night. Our engines were started, and after a hearty breakfast I strolled outside again as we pounded along, my thoughts engrossed with my joyful meeting with Bertha, when suddenly my eyes were blinded by the hateful phantasmy of Warren Brenton, wrapped in a huge overcoat of furs and smoking a cigar on the deck of the propeller alongside. Hastily retreating inside the glass door, I rubbed my eyes and looked again, hoping that I had been deceived by some passing resemblance, but a closer investigation only made assurance doubly sure, for there undoubtedly stood the base of my life, sheltered by the narrow gangway, gazing intently toward Fairy Island, now plainly visible before us.

In an instant I had opened the door and rushed outside. "You scoundrel!" I shouted at the top of my voice, "How dare you follow me?"

Brenton recognized me instantly, and shook his fist in my direction, but the crunching sound of the boats grinding through the ice prevented me from hearing his answer. Savagely we gazed at each other in silence like two bull-dogs ready for a spring, but the distance prevented a personal encounter, and we were obliged to control our wrath, smoking furiously with snorts of defiance and glaring at each other ferociously across the floating ice. The Captains, seeing black water ahead, let on more steam, and for a moment or two I gloried in the prospect of leaving my rival far behind, but the lively little propeller churned up the ice and flounced herself up alongside again, buzzing and sputtering like a small spitfire, while Brenton waved his hand in triumph.

Toward noon I was moodily standing at the bow, watching the flag floating over Fairy Island, and calculating how long it would take to reach the dock, the houses of the village were plainly visible, and lying at the wharf I could distinguish the outlines of a steamer from Chicago, and I anathematized my folly for not having gone by rail to that metropolis and taken the first boat from there, as Lake Michigan never freezes. For some time I had not deigned to look at my rival; I was enraged to think that he should have divined my purpose and ruined my plans. The two boats kept steadily on together, now crushing easily through a floating mass of blocks, and now battering against a solid wall of ice, with the signal-bells sounding like mad. The two Captains stood on their respective decks, eagerly taking advantage of every available opening; now the Comet's great paddle-wheels revolved majestically and carried her along like a triumphal car, and then the officious little propeller would kick up her heels behind and come bustling up alongside, letting off steam and lashing the water as furiously as a leviathan. At last the little monster shot ahead, and I was tossed from my reverie by the sight of Brenton standing on the stern and pointing triumphantly to Fairy Island. Breathless with excitement I rushed to the captain.

"Five hundred dollars down!" I panted.

"What are ye driving at, young man?"

"Five hundred dollars down, if you will beat that propeller in," I exclaimed.

"Well, neow, young man, that's a purty big sum; ye must be mighty anxious about it."

"Five hundred down," I repeated.

"Well, neow, the Comit can do it, for she's a capable critter when her grit's up. I make it a pint never to worry the boat when there's nothin' to be got by it, but, to tell the truth, I do admire to see her go myself, an', seein' as heow your heart seems to be set on it, young man, I guess I'll do it."

"Ting, ting," went the bell, and away we shot, the great paddle-wheels revolving rapidly, sending the ice flying to the right and the left, and leaving the puffing propeller far behind. In my turn I stood on the stern and triumphantly saluted my adversary, even going so far as to make a trumpet of my hands and shout remorselessly, "And Cousin Dora?" at him as we surged ahead.

The powerful engine of the Comet did its utmost in my behalf, and in a short time we reached the open water, gliding swiftly toward the harbor, while our crestfallen adversary floundered in the ice. The bay was full of Lake Michigan vessels, and the steamer I had seen, the Lady Elgin of Chicago, passed us as we approached the wharf, bound down for the lower lakes by the way we had just cut out for her. About 1 o'clock I handed the Captain his fee and jumped on to the dock at Fairy Island: without waiting a moment I started up the fort hill, slipping and falling on the icy limestone walk, and reaching the great gate in a bruised and strained condition. Hurrying across the smooth parade-ground, I ran up the stairs and knocked at the well-known door. "Come in," said a voice, and entering the little parlor I found the worthy chaplain in his arm-chair, but no sign of his pretty daughter.

"Why, Mr. Free, do my eyes deceive me, or is it yourself in person?" said the old gentleman, shaking me vigorously by the hand. "Ye're a trifle late, but I opine the ice detained ye."

"How is Miss Macpherson?" I asked.

"*Non est*, Sir—decidedly *non est*."

"I hope nothing serious has happened to her," I said, in some anxiety.

"Ha! ha! very good!—very good, indeed! But I'm sorry ye missed it, though: it was all over before twelve o'clock."

"Good heavens, Sir! what do you mean?"

"The wedding, to be sure. Didn't ye come for the wedding? It was done in a great hurry at the last, for all along the time was set for the 14th of June; but two days ago Bertha decided to be married at once. The first boat had come through, a schooner from C——, and when the child found that navigation was open she just anticipated the day and hurried off. May I offer you a glass of wine and some wedding-cake?"

"Thank you," I muttered, and swallowed a brimming glass to sustain myself, while the chaplain cut off a thick slice of plum-cake for my benefit. "They have just gone, then, Mr. and Mrs.——, I beg pardon, the name has slipped my memory."

"Duncan, lad—Roy McGregor Duncan, a far-away cousin—engaged since childhood, brought up together, ye know. They have just gone on the Lady Elgin; ye must have passed them. Yes, the lassie has been engaged since childhood, but I'll not deny she had a turn for flirting. I have really been fearful at times lest she should do a harm to the young slips who come up here in the Summer, but she always assured me that they needed a little sisterly advice, and that she meant it all for their good."

"Very considerate," I said, grimly.

The old man rambled on, and I sat mechanically drinking my wine in a state of angry, bewilderment that I, the chivalrous knight-errant, should have rashly taken this dangerous journey, given up an important law-case, paid five hundred dollars down, and, alas, I risked the smiles of lovely Kate Vanderheyden, only for the pleasure of making myself sick with Mrs. Roy McGregor Duncan's indigestible wedding-cake. It was too much! The girl had evidently received my letter by the schooner, and deliberately planned the base manœuvre.

"She little knows what she missed," I soliloquized savagely, entirely ignoring the fact that I had no other motive for coming to Fairy Island than a victory over the conceited Brenton. The thought of his name gave me a gleam of comfort: if I was fooled, so was he, for this arrant little witch had evidently invited him for the 15th of June with the cool intention of marrying her long-legged cousin on the preceding day.

During these meditations my garrulous host had been entertaining me with a long account of Roy McGregor Duncan's ancestors in the auld countrie, and having landed them safely in the mythological age, he came down to the present with the question, "I've been thinking, Mr. Free, that it is a little strange ye should have known of the wedding, when I myself was only informed of the change two days ago?" This was a rather embarrassing question, but just at the moment a knock was heard at the door, and, as the chaplain called out "Come in," Warren Brenton entered, flushed with haste, and anger flashing in his eyes.

"Ah, Mr. Macpherson," I remarked, with a suave smile, "you probably remember Mr. Brenton, of C——, and are sincerely sorry that he also is too late for the wedding;" to end with putting thrust I left my rival almost repaid for my discomfiture by the blank bewilderment of his countenance.

Going slowly down the horrible hill, and viciously digging my boot-heels into the icy gravel, I sought the dock again, and learned that another boat was coming up the Straits from Chicago. Seating myself on a drygoods box in the cold warehouse, I meditated dismally until the steamer reached the dock, and going on board with my unopened valise, I locked myself into a state-room to sleep off the effects of my disappointment and that villainous wedding-cake. It was nearly dark when I awoke, and going out on the stern to smoke a cigar, I ran against Warren Brenton, moodily watching the dim outlines of Fairy Island behind us. We both started, and there was an awful pause.

Warren was the first to speak: "Did you ever hear a ballad called 'Jock o' Hazeldean,' John?"

"No," I replied gravely; but I am familiar with one entitled 'Roy's Wife'."

Companions in misery, we looked at each other silently, and a gleam of mirth at last invaded our forlorn countenances.

"Fooled, John?" asked Warren laconically.

"Fooled," I replied, firmly.

"By a canny Scot's lassie, John?"

"Aweel, ye may weel say that."

"Did we deserve it, John?"

"We did."

"But after all, there's Kate Vanderheyden, John,"

"And Cousin Dora," I replied solemnly; so we lit our cigars, and it all ended in a smoke.

General Miscellany.

From Harpers Magazine for August.

JIMMY.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

Jimmy and I are fellows for play!
Never tired of it, rain or shine,
Jimmy was six the last birthday,
While I was only—sixty-nine!

So little Master Commonsense
Gives himself superior airs,
Guiding my inexperience
By the wisdom under his own white hairs.

Sometimes it happens the hoary sage—
Over-anxious for Number One—
Turns to account my tender age,
And I am most atrociously "done."

No matter how it may chance to be,
Jimmy's argument never fails:
The copper is always wrong for me,
And Jimmy is winner, heads or tails.

Well, I have lived to be boy and man,
Dad and grandad, and yet, I vow
Never was I in my threescore and ten
Half so sharp as Jimmy is now!

And sadly the question bothers me,
As I stop in my play to look at him—
What will the Twentieth Century be,
If the Nineteenth's youngsters are all like Jim?

A BURIAL BY THE SEA ON MOUNT DESERT.

I do not wish to be understood that the people of the island are not as well educated and as intelligent as those of other parts of the Eastern States, for the children here have equal advantages in the way of common schools and they appear to make use of them; but to the scattered inhabitants along that bleak and rough part of the coast of which I have just now been writing any kind of school education must be attained under great difficulties. It is a long road from the cottage of the fisherman to the schoolhouse. In the summer-time even, when the strangers from more southern climes seek the island in search of rest and cool bracing winds, the aspect of nature is rough and sterile. Excepting the dark and sombre tones of the evergreen, the landscape is clad in a mantle of russet and gray; that luxuriance of foliage which fills the eye with varied tints of green in the more temperate climates of other parts of our country seems impossible here. The air is loaded with the salts of the sea. The island is mostly composed of rocks, and the scanty proportion of earth yields a meagre supply of stunted grass, while the farmer toils in vain to produce those harvests of corn or other cereals which fill the granaries in more favored lands. The means of communication, too, are difficult; the roads are obstructed with stones; they pass over steep hills into deep ravines, rarely ever finding an easy level, so that the mountain torrents and the frequent storms of rain make gullies along and across the way. Thus, if we find it rough to travel from place to place in the summer-time, what must be the hinderances to the people of the island when the wild storms of winter fill the roads and ravines with enormous drifts of snow, when even the houses themselves are buried in snow, and when it is a labor of days to cut pathways to and from their houses and barns? When nature so rudely interposes those almost insurmountable obstacles—for it must be remembered that nearly all the "schooling" is done in the winter time—it is surprising that the children get any education whatever. Yet by reason of these very obstructions these people have become self-reliant, hardy and enterprising. Those who have but little give much, and I have always found these islanders, although shrewd in their dealings and saving in all ways yet kind and hospitable.

In the lives of these simple-hearted fishermen, isolated from the world and separated far from each other, there are episodes full of the deepest pathos.

One morning, late in the year, when the chill eastern wind had brought in from the ocean drifting banks of fog, with now and then blinding sheets of rain, on the edge of a dreary stretch of marshland by the sea, we came upon a freshly dug grave. Two or three headstones to other graves near by told us that this was no public cemetery, and only a secluded corner used by its owner to make such interment as best he could. All by itself, it was a sad picture, and little-but this waste of sand and marsh could be seen, for the gathering mists inwrapped the mountain and the sea as in a ghostly shroud; yet it was not complete, for out of the dim distance there came two figures bearing a small coffin between them, which they placed by the side of the grave. The bearers were two men, whose tanned and wrinkled faces bore evidence of life-long exposure to the wind and sun and rain; their oil-cloth caps and coats were dripping with water, while about their rough topboots hung the long grass and kelp cast up by the waves on the rocks and beach. The poor pine coffin, too, bore like evidence of exposure, for the water ran from its sides, and the sand gathered about the bottom showed that the men must have rested in their toilsome journey. We saw all this at a glance, and then looked in the direction from whence they came, expecting to see other forms, and those of women, approaching, but the flying mists, unbroken, shut closer in about us. The solitary mourners recognized our presence by bowing. There was no service of the Church, no sound of the word of prayer was said, and no sound was heard, save that eternal requiem of the restless sea, while the body was consigned to its last resting-place. And then, perhaps it it was the sight of the tears which came fast flowing from our eyes which unsealed the closely compressed lips of the elder of the two men.

"She was the last one who came to me," he said tremblingly. "And afore now I've thought she was the prettiest of 'em all. There they are, sir, all of 'em, wife and children, in the ground; and I'm all alone." The great grief of the old man stopped his speech, and answering the warm pressure of sympathizing hands, not daring again to look at the graves of all he held most dear, he turned his steps by the way he came, and, with his companion, was soon lost to view.

We shall never forget that pathetic burial by the sea.—*From "Mount Desert," by George Ward Nichols, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

THE COST OF YACHTS.

It is estimated by yachtsmen of prominence and experience that the pleasure yachts of the New York Club alone must have cost nearly $2,000,000, while the fleets of the whole country cost about $5,000,000. The yachts of the Brooklyn Club cost $350,000; Atlantic, $400,000; and all others in New York bay about $500,000. The Eastern Club of Boston harbor is very wealthy, owning yachts valued at $400,000. The best class of these vessels cannot be built and equipped for less than $150 a ton, or about $5000 for a sloop of 35 tons, the smallest craft which can be constructed with due regard to comfort and convenience in a cruise. Yacht builders declare that a roomy cabin, large enough to accommodate the average grown person, cannot be attained in vessels of smaller tonnage. A crew of five men is necessary to man such a yacht, and these cost, during the summer cruise of four months, at least $150 a month. It is necessary to employ one of the crew as steward during the whole year, in order that the yacht may be taken care of. The expenses for food are to be added to all this, so that the amusement is dearly bought. But as the yacht at the same original outlay will accommodate say from seven to ten guests, the cost does not compare unfavorably with expenses at a crowded hotel at the springs or sea-side, and the accommodations of the yacht are immeasurably superior to those of the hotel in the season.

These figures give only an indistinct idea of the cost of larger yachts The famous Henrietta was sold, after her triumph in 1866, when quite an old vessel, having seen rough service in the civil war, for $15,000. Her former owner, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., immediately bought the Fleetwing, one of the vessels which he had beaten in the famous dead-of-winter ocean race, for $65,000, and rechristened her the Dauntless. It was this magnificent vessel which was beaten on the ocean race of 1870 by the English-built Cambria, which was sold the same year for $30,000. The Resolute of Mr. A. S. Hatch, the smallest and one of the most elegant of the schooner-yachts of the New York Club, being 110 tons burden, cost $30,000—but she was built in war-times. The largest schooner-yacht in the country, the Sappho of Mr. Douglass, cost much less than this, proportionately. Yachts built in the excellent stanch style of these endure for many years. They may grow out of fashion, or may be excelled by new models, for the art of yacht building improves with each year, but they never rot if cared for. The English yacht Pearl, built in 1818 by the Marquis of Anglesea, has outlived her famous master and all his family except one son, Lord Alfred Paget. The young nobleman, inheriting the taste of his father (who, in spite of his great qualities as a cavalry man, was, to use his own expression, "the most thorough-bred yachtsman in England,") has lately abandoned his old love for a new steam yacht, and the Pearl lies rotting in ordinary. There are several very old yachts in the American fleet, the America itself having now attained a generation of years without losing any part of the vigor of youth.—*W. F. G. Shanks, in Scribner's for August.*

MARBLEHEAD YEARS AGO.

It was a small collection of dwellings that seemed to have been cast up by the sea, with the rockweed and marine plants that it vomits after a storm, or to have come ashore among the pipe-staves and other lumber which had been washed from the deck of an Eastern schooner. There was just space for the narrow and sandy street between the beach in front and a precipitous hill that lifted its rocky forehead in the rear among a waste of juniper bushes and the wild growth of a broken pasture. The village was picturesque in the variety of its edifices, though all were rude. Here stood a little old hovel, built perhaps of driftwood; there a row of boat houses, and beyond them a two-story dwelling of dark and weather-beaten aspect, the whole intermixed with one or two snug cottages, painted white, a sufficiency of pigsties and a shoemaker's shop. Two grocery stores stand opposite each other, in the centre of the village. These were the places of resort, at their idle hours, of a hardy throng of fishermen in red baize shirts, oil-cloth trousers, and boots of brown leather covering the whole leg, true seven-league boots, but fitter to wade the ocean than walk the earth. The wearers seemed amphibious, as if they did but creep out of salt water to suns themselves; nor would it have been wonderful to see their lower limbs covered with clusters of little shell-fish, such as cling to rocks and old ship timbers, over which the tide ebbs and flows. When their fleet of boats was weather-bound, the butchers raised their price, and the spit was busier than the frying-pan; for this was a